

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1490.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1845.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Whiteboy; a Story of Ireland in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 2 vols. London, Chapman and Hall.

INWOVEN into a stirring tale of Whiteboy conspiracy, severe retribution, cruelty of middlemen, wild revenge of the oppressed, indiscriminating rigour in asserting law and property, and destitution reckless of consequences, these volumes endeavour to point out the conflicting qualities of the Irish people, and suggest remedies for the evils which exist in that excitable, uncertain, mercurial, and hard-to-govern country. The juxtaposition, not the fusion, of two distinct races and religions, so fiercely kept distinct, instead of being modified and amalgamated, enhances the difficulties of the people and of their rational rule; and whether Mrs. Hall, with her knowledge of their tempers and habits, and her kind and patriotic disposition to promote their welfare, has enabled us to solve the long-standing problems connected with both these desiderata, we must leave to the decision of her readers. It is ours to speak of the story.

It commences with the journey to Ireland of Mr. Spencer, a wealthy and well-intentioned English and Irish landlord, who is resolved to try residence, benevolence, patience, generosity, and perseverance, in making his tenantry comfortable, and the country about them quiet. He is forewarned of the impossibility of accomplishing his proposed task by a lady, Mary O'Brien, and introduced at once on the deck of the steamer to various characters who figure in the tale, and to others of the lower orders of Irish, children, nursemaids, &c. &c.

The scene then shifts to his seat in the south of Ireland; and he finds himself located in the midst of all the elements of insubordination and ruin, individual misconduct in rich and poor, hypocritical tyranny and Whiteboyism, aiming at revolution through wholesale murder and desolation.

We will not travel through the circumstances which attend his attempts at amelioration, nor describe the iniquities of Abel Richards, a villainous middleman, nor trench upon the love-affairs involved among the leading persons; but by means of a few specimens endeavour to indicate the nature of the authorship.

A night-meeting of Whiteboys is attended by Mr. Spencer, who has obtained the passwords; and we read, *inter alia*:

“‘I want no man to defend me,’ interrupted Louis, loudly, and unable to control himself: ‘I want no man to defend me; I have done nothing to need defence; I abandoned all to organise the revolt of a brave and injured people: I trusted to the promises of others to assist in this, because I knew how little could be done without that aid, and I, as well as others, have been disappointed and deceived.’ ‘We have ourselves to the fore, ready and willing,’ said the ‘Limerick rake,’ stepping forward. ‘And a great thing it is to have; but not enough,’ answered Louis, boldly, while Lawrence trembled for him; ‘not enough to rid the land of the proud invader, and eject a mass of the population, unhappily your bitter enemies,

from their holdings.’ ‘Let each of us pick his man, and we’d soon be rid of them,’ said the Whitefoot of Tipperary. ‘By murder, not by war!’ replied Louis, firmly. There was a hush; and Lawrence, in an agony too deep for loud words, muttered, ‘You will destroy yourself and me. Have you still to learn that they will fight—die—silently and bravely—but will not reason—cannot be thwarted?’ ‘Murder,’ repeated the viperous-looking ‘Leprehawn,’ as he stretched out his long leathery arms and clutched and opened his bony fingers, as though it would have given him pleasure to tear Louis into pieces—‘Murder, that’s a mighty hard word intirely, boys dear, and one that was never evened to us before—murder is it, enagh?—don’t we pisen rats, and varmint, and lay traps for foxes, and ferret rabbits—by law too—law—law!—do ye hear me, boys? and aint we to try to get rid of worse varmint without being called murderers—Oh! Yah, mellay!—did I tramp fresh and fasting mee ten good miles to be tould that it’s murder to kill an Orangeman? Oh, boys dear, do ye hear me now? and that by a friend of the Macarthy; but he’s not the right sort of a Macarthy,’ continued the long-armed drunkard, who could hardly stand, but was tossing to and fro; ‘he’s not the right, true Macarthy; he came—you understand me—into the world—not wanted; his mother was—’ what, was not permitted him to say, for Lawrence’s hands were on his throat, and then he threw him from him as a dog flings away some disgusting thing which he loathes almost too much to destroy. This turned the attention of the people, who felt indignant as Lawrence himself could feel, and if Murtoth had not been restrained, there is little doubt he would have given full loose to his natural propensity, and the Leprehawn would have been heard no more.”

The debate goes on, and “there was a breathless silence while the huge ‘Munster man’ heaved himself forward; and though he stood upon no elevation, he was taller than Lawrence, who kept his position on the tomb; his enormous proportions made the more slender figures of the two leaders appear like those of boys. Byrne took off, first his hat, then his wig, which he must have worn because his father did so before him, for his hair was abundant, though somewhat frosted by time; he then looked round with a sheepish look, throwing a sidling glance over the crowd, which now appeared distinctly; for several, following Murtoth’s example, had kindled torches of bogwood, that, as the wind lulled, burnt steadily enough. He spoke in English, and ‘Doyle of the Cars’ translated his words into Irish for the benefit of those who did not, as Master Mat would have said, understand ‘the Vulgate.’ He spoke slowly, as if resolved to curb his natural impetuosity. ‘Boys,’ he said, ‘boys! I am no great hand at speech-making, though I believe it’s pretty well known that I’m a good hand at the fist. Boys, what I have done is well underatood by yez all. The blue wathers of my own lake could have informed (only they’d scorn it), ten years ago, where the process-server slept—who darkened my door a living man, and left it a dead one.

He had his pistols and his cutlash, and above all, he was armed with the law at his back. I—I had *this*,’ and he held forth his clenched hand, that could have felled a Goliath; ‘these bones against his pistols, his cutlash, and his law. I never saw tithe-gatherer, taxman, or soldier, that would force me to turn my back.’ ‘We believe all that,’ interrupted Lawrence, knowing, that if he got upon his feats of strength, there would be no termination to his harangue; ‘we know that, good Byrne; but the night is passing, and our friends have far to go.’ ‘Young blood wants patience,’ answered the man. ‘Hours will pass, and friends will wait. But there’s enough said; all know me, and all know Saint Columbkill’s and Pasthorinis’ prophecies, which are working round, glory be to the Lord! plain as the sun at noon-day. There’s only a little management needful, to trap every one of our persecutors and their myrmidons. Why, look, boys, it’s asy, and natural, and it shews how small a light may kindle a great fire. Look now, all the men in Munster and Leinster couldn’t have saved our strange captain’s life last week, an’ he lying wounded in Labbig Owen’s bed over there in Glen Fleak, but for the wisdom of Macarthy, and the ‘cuteness of Murtoth, the Macarthy’s foster-brother. Murtoth’s a jewel, so he is!’ said Byrne, pressing his hand down upon Murtoth’s head with the fondness of a father for a child, though Murtoth staggered beneath the affectionate pressure. ‘Murtoth’s a jewel! There was more than ye know of, wishful that the captain should be left to lie asy; and one who, maybe, afther all, will turn out nothing but a bird of two weathers, would have given his breath to save him. But nothing could turn the devil’s pack from the devil’s hunt; and what did Murtoth, wild as he looks—faix it’s proud I’d be of ye, if ye war my boy, Murtoth dear—but I’ve no boy now.’ ‘No, poor man, God help you, you have not,’ exclaimed a sympathising voice, for the strong man remembered when he had two sons, who had been ‘sacrificed’ to the offended laws of their country. ‘Oh, to see the nature of him; and he such a giant!’ exclaimed another. ‘Mr. Byrne, sir,’ said a third, ‘keep a good heart; for every drop of blood that was in their bodies we’ll have a life yet.’ ‘Thank yez all for yer mercy, God bless yez, ye’re the right sort any way,’ he replied; ‘only the wakeness comes over me mighty strong, so it does, when I think of them; sometimes, I see ‘em as plain as light—the rosy twins, sleeping on the white bosom of the mother who died, as ye all know, under the—’ His emotions prevented his utterance, his huge features became convulsed, he struggled to speak; one of his friends handed him a noggin of whiskey, he drank it off, and then, apparently relieved, returned to the subject which the remembrance of his own sorrow had drawn him from. ‘Well, my friends (for friends yez are to every heart in trouble), well, what did he do, but he took the ‘Natural’ on himself,—the ‘cutest lad in all Cork took the ‘Natural’ on himself,—and tumbled on before them just as a partridge or a lark (poor innocent birdeen) would do before a hound, just to ‘tice it from its nest. Well, boys, he was the

finest fool ye ever saw, and bore all the little innocent divarshin, such as prodding him with bagnetts and the like to make him jump and twist faces for their divarshin—most wonderful! 'They'd have spitted me in earnest to make me spin like a cockchafer once,' put in Murtoogh, 'but for Mr. Spencer, God reward him, who has a heart to the poor, though he didn't know me from Adam.' 'Well, the storm forced them to stop, and having written in their copies (they're larned men), that 'idleness is the root of all evil,' to keep their hand in, they set fire to two or three cabins, and Murtoogh, one way or other, by seeming to encourage their going on in the glen, and letting on to have great fear if they turned the grey path (the mountain-road where the Banshee of the Macarthy do be wandering alone), made them think that the scent they were on was wrong; he knew more than he'd let on, so they threatened to shoot him, and got him on his knees, and at last, dear, he confessed, that he'd guided a stranger (giving all the marks that the major's own man had told him was on the descriptions—he's been one of us these three years and more), and, my darling, he told how he'd took him as far as the corpse-road, and left him there in the old mill.' 'And sure,' added Murtoogh, 'it was de devil's bad luck both of us had to send dem dat road at all, at all; for when dey found noting in de mill, and see de square tower of de Macarthy a little way on, dey turned savage, and because (de Lord above knows it was in airnest I was den) I swore to dem he never sheltered dere good nor bad, and dat dere was nothing it but Molche Kavenagh and de bare walls, dey would not blive me, but purtended to tink we were still desaving dem—de tyrants of de world! to destroy de fine oold place. Master Lawrence says he knew how it 'ud be from de first, but de Lord above knows I'd no notion dey'd have done dat; and when it was done, de night was come, and dey'd noting for it but to get back as fast as dey could to Macroom.' 'A friend is better than a castle, new or old, any day,' said Lawrence, 'and if a hair of the head that has thought and risked so much for us were but injured, nothing could efface the scandal that would have fallen on us. I should not now have had my friend by my side if the scoundrels had taken their course through the glen.' Macarthy said this in his usual bold, frank tone; but Louis' eyes were suffused with tears; he rejoiced that the dim light prevented his emotion from being seen, and he whispered something of passionate gratitude and earnest regret. Byrne recommenced his explanation, which the few words of Lawrence had interrupted. 'Now, boys, attend to me, draw round—that's it. We all know the character that the lakes of Inchageela and these mountains have got; well, dears! you know the pass of Keim-an-eigh; you know how the rocks stand up each side of the mountains, and how the stones grew big as they grew old; you know its twists and turns, and how the ancient holly and yew-trees stand about, and the ivy makes hiding-places; you know, that when you get in you don't see ten yards afore ye the way to get out. Now, boys, this is it; the morning after next, I've reason to know, the cut-throat soldiers mean to scour the country, and here's a list of the gentlemen (and Black Aby among them) that's to meet 'em at the end of the pass.' There was a rush forward, every face was turned towards Byrne; countenances deeply marked by strong and vehement passions, throbbing with anxiety, were all upturned towards him. 'I'll read my list in a minute, boys, as soon as ye'll hand me over one of

them bog-lights, for the sight isn't what it was in my ould eyes; but before I begin that, or go any farther, so as to spread my plan before yez—how we'll belay them—tempt them—and set 'em and finish 'em, nor let one escape—give the ravens their prey, and thicken the mountain-streams with the blood of our tyrants—I'd be just glad to know on yer faith an' yer hope of salvation, if ye'r all book-sworn, in the face of God, man, and yer country? the true, free oath, which if every man present doesn't subscribe to, we know how to make him. I ask ye again, as yez shall answer before the Almighty at the last day, are yez all sworn, boys?' But though Byrne spoke at the top of his voice, he was answered by one less powerful, but more clear and more distinct, than his own—'No!'

This is from Mr. Spencer, whose destiny hangs on a thread; he is, however, ultimately blindfolded and taken prisoner to a mountain-fastness, and the rebellion breaks out. With its progress and repression we have not room to meddle, but must pass towards the close for an application of the moral. The schoolmaster lays his cases before the lady:

"I have it down on the slate, with one or two things to read before you go to the north; and 'deed it is a pity to take Master Edward off his Latin, though it's right for a landlord to be ever and always moving about among his own people, only while you're away I'll have a little ramble through the old places. Ah, that's it!' and taking up his slate, he read: 'Betty Lanagan is very sorry the master was angry about her bringing the pig into the house, instead of keeping it in the sty; but it was a young pig, and wilful, and fell off its flesh, because it wouldn't eat anywhere only just beside the childre; but she's got a new door to the sty in place of the one she burnt, and as she'll do every thing to please the master for the future, she hopes he'll forgive her.' 'She always was a thriftless, untidy woman, Matthew.' 'She was; but her children come regularly to school, and wear sound brogues.' 'Good! If we can get them to school, the rising must be better than the passing generation. Besides, we must have patience, Matthew; so, for the sake of the young Lanagans, and the old motto of our dear friend Dean Graves, we'll forgive Betty. I wonder how long it will be before she burns the new door?' 'The weather's warm just now, dear.' Ellen smiled. 'Well, Matthew, any thing else on the slate?' 'Yes, ma'am, plenty. Terrence Connolly and James Duffy can't agree about the turf-bog, but they came to me to say if his honour would settle it once more for them.' 'Mr. Spencer has done that three times already,' interrupted Ellen, 'but we must again have recourse to the old motto—*patience*; better that than a faction-fight between the Duffys and the Connollys; and as Mr. Spencer will no doubt adhere to his first decision, perhaps they may be satisfied at last.' 'Martin Murphy hopes the master will let him have half an acre more land.' 'I fear,' said Ellen, 'that will be impossible; if Martin gets half an acre more the tenants will all want additional half-acres, and there is no particular reason why he should have it; he has no claim, I think.' 'He has nine children.' 'Oh, as to that, Nelly Maginnis has ten, and Mary Dacey nine, and Norah Delaney eleven; if we begin to shew favouritism because of the number of children, there will be an end to good order; and, moreover, Martin Murphy was very obstinate about the green crops last year, and thwarted us sadly; but patience, Matthew, patience, the poor people suffer more in having their bad habits removed than we do in remov-

ing them.' 'God bless you!' said Matthew. 'Any thing else on your slate, my good master?' 'No, only I had a word to say. My deputy, as you call him, is a trifle too strict with the little boys: children are but children, and this new system of national education, though a great blessing, seems to me forcing; but it may do well, only I wish he would not be so hard on the little boys; say a word for them, dear, do, for he doesn't mind me—he thinks I'm foolish, 'deed does he. There's little Johnny Hay and his brother Jimmy, their father spoke to me yesterday about it before he went off to the funeral.' 'What funeral?' inquired Ellen. 'Deed, just then her funeral—the ould ancient sister Anne, where you were once, and where I remember your entreating the master to have patience with the people.' 'And has that worn-out, awful woman lived till now?' inquired Ellen; 'I thought she had died long since.' 'Her life was a long penance; and she's to have no tombstone, and not to be buried with her people—only alone, not so much as a raised grave. She must have been a great sinner, or they would let their bones rest together. Old Hay won't be back till to-morrow; it's a long, long journey. Here's the master himself, God bless him! and the two young ladies,' continued Matthew; 'it's enough to set any one mad to see how the people waylay him as he comes out of his own gate, and to see how he manages to hear just what is needful, and understands them as well as if he was born among them; and how they bless him; and have known him from first to last as the poor man's friend. That's a notorious Whiteboy that's talking to him now.' 'Was, you mean,' said Ellen; 'I suspect that in his case, as well as in others, employment has superseded politics. He knows I know him well; and I am more pleased to see him well-dressed and cheerful, and to visit his farm, than almost any I know. 'There is more joy'—you remember the text, Matthew?' 'Ay,' added the old man, lifting his hat, 'more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine just men that need no repentance.'

"Dear Lady Mary! she exclaimed at last, 'I will write and ask her to come to us; she could not fail to be delighted with all you have done for the people, Edward, and with the admirable temper you have shewn—the judgment, the endurance, the wisdom, in not expecting too much, and understanding that there were quagmires as well as mountains in the way—but the people are improving, they want *patient, resident landlords*.' 'I consider,' said Edward, 'Catholic emancipation as only the first of a series of boons, or rather, the earliest demonstration of justice, wisely given; yet if they had not agitated for it, it would never have been obtained. As long as poor Paddy crouched in his hovel, and ate his potato, he was suffered to do so, and die there unnoticed, as his fathers had died before him: at last, agitation brought him relief; and my only fear is, that the malcontents of a party will continue this agitation for what may be unattainable, not for what all wise as well as all just Englishmen earnestly desire to give the Irish—perfect equality.'

"I have not suffered the Orange party of the north to persuade me that the people of the south are all violent and bigoted, nor have the southern sots entangled me as to make me consider the Orangemen as all bitter and destroying enemies. I do not look forward to the time when

'The emerald gem of the western world' will sit on the billows like a halcyon on her nest, careless of storms; for I hear the quick beatings

of their hearts, and make allowance for the richness and variety of their imaginings, while I strive to see their reason strengthened. But I am telling you all you already know, dearest, far better than I do myself. We shall do our duty if, by exhibiting the wilful or inconsiderate mistakes, the deliberate misguidance or ruinous mismanagement, of which Ireland has been for centuries the victim—we account for, if we cannot excuse, the terrible state of disruption in which at times we find this lovely and loving country. Let us endeavour to persuade England to try, or rather to continue, another course, by shewing the policy of generosity, and the wisdom of justice; and so reconcile the doubtful, or the suspicious, to the more liberal system which must be adopted in governing Ireland hereafter."

Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara in 1843-45.
By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D. LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. J. W. Parker.

WHILST Dr. Wolff was prosecuting his humane mission to Bokhara, the public were so judiciously gratified by periodical accounts of his progress, perils, and ultimate rescue from the fangs of Eastern despotism, that, in so far as regards those travels, we find here little more than an amplification of the incidents. But still it is a work of much interest. It sets out with a biographical sketch of the Doctor's earlier years, conversion from Judaism to the Romish religion, and thence to the Protestant faith, and his missionary toils through many remote and barbarous regions. At last, coming to the more immediate subject, the author broadly states:

"For the quietude of soul of the friends of those murdered officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, I have to observe, that they were both of them cruelly slaughtered at Bokhara, after enduring agonies from confinement in prison of the most fearful character, masses of their flesh having been gnawn off their bones by vermin, in 1843. The cause of these foul atrocities being practised on them, the positive agent of their entire misery, was the nayeb of Nasir Ullah Behadur, ameer of Bokhara, Abdul Samut Khan. I charge on that pretended friend of the English nation this foul atrocity. I wish that this open declaration of mine should find insertion in the Persian newspapers published at Lahore and Delhi. I wish it to reach the ameer of Bokhara, in order that that sovereign, whose ear has been much abused by that foul miscreant, should perceive that he has been led to act under false and erroneous impressions with regard to the real objects at heart of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, and that Abdul Samut Khan intended to have added me to their bloody graves. I appeal to his understanding, whether a letter from England then received from any of our authorities would not also probably have led me, a simple traveller, to share the fate of these diplomatic agents of England. I assert that Abdul Samut Khan, the nayeb, wished me further to give him thirty thousand tillahs to effect the death of the very sovereign who has so highly honoured him. These are grave charges,—let the Persian come into the lists and disprove them."

We do not think this challenge will be accepted; and truly, if the ameer happens to hear of the Doctor's heavy charges, we are inclined to fancy that Abdul Samut's head would not be very firm on his shoulders. But leaving him to his retributive fate, we pass to a few passages in the revelations respecting the residence in Bokhara, which will at least entertain our

readers, while they display some of the Doctor's modes of speaking and acting.

"Makhrum Kasem came to have some private conversation with the nayeb. I retired a few minutes; afterward the nayeb called out, 'Yousuff Wolff, come here.' I came; he told me, 'Makhrum Kasem has just brought me a piece of news; but fear not, for the king knows that the intent of it is to involve him in a war with England.' W. 'What news?' Nayeb. 'Abbas Kouli Khan has arrived here with five requests from Muhammed Shah. The first request of the King of Persia is, that he (the ameer) should put you to death. The Haje Mirza Aghasee wrote the same. Those Kajar are fathers of the curse, but fear not; I shall see the king next Sunday.' I shut myself up in one of his rooms, and prayed; and soon after, when the nayeb went to his harem, Behadur came to me, and said, 'I am not an Iranee (Persian), I am a Hindee. I have eaten the salt of Englishmen. If you like, I will let you escape, and bring you to Khoollom, and thence go with you to India; but don't tell the nayeb of it.' We agreed that we should leave that very evening; but in the evening I found a carawal (guard) around my bed. I also observed that the nayeb had sent a private message to the king. The morning following, a Makhrum, whom I hitherto had not seen, came in great agitation, and said, 'You must go to town—you are here tied; the king orders you.' As the nayeb was up-stairs, I called out, 'Nayeb!' The rascal came down. The hue of his complexion was quite black; I almost started at the sight. I asked him whether he knew the king's order. He said, 'Yes; and you must obey.' This absolute contradiction of his express promise to protect me, even from the ameer himself, incensed me beyond bounds, and I said, 'I now see that the people are right, who say that you are the cause that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly have been killed; you are a liar, a traitor, and a rascal! you intend to kill me too.' To this he replied, 'Yes, I have killed them; Stoddart quarrelled with me and my brother, who is a Haje, in my garden, about tillahs.' I then said, 'Liar! why did you always tell me that Stoddart and Conolly have always been your friends?' He replied, 'I know how to treat you Franks as you ought to be treated.' The Makhrum again said that I must go with him. I said, 'No; and saying this, I ran out of the garden over a low part of the wall, when Behadur followed me, and said, 'Now I will let you escape.' He brought me, first of all, to the garden belonging to the nayeb's son, Abdullah, which garden is not yet quite finished, where, on a former occasion, the nayeb told me that he intended to construct a fortress to defend himself in case of need against the ameer; when, quite against all expectation, Ameer Aboul Kasem was brought to me by the nayeb's order. He informed me that he was the intended ambassador for England. [Note. I have forgotten to mention above, that the nayeb advised me, when an ambassador was first proposed, and the proposal accepted, that I should administer poison to him on the road, which of course I rejected with horror.] I said to Ameer Aboul Kasem, 'I know that the ameer intends to kill me; and as I had a little paper and ink with me, I wrote a note to the nayeb, saying, 'Now I know that you are a traitor and a liar! and that you will kill me as you have killed Stoddart and Conolly; and I gave the note to Ameer Aboul Kasem, who gave it to the nayeb. Behadur then brought me, through a water-hole, to the house of the yawer (major), situ-

ated about three hundred feet distance from the nayeb's house, whence Behadur and the yawer promised to let me escape that very evening. The evening approached, when the yawer came and said that the ameer, under the supposition that I had escaped, had sent soldiers on all the different roads to pursue me; it would be therefore better for me to stay there until the troops of the ameer had come back; and after they had given up pursuing me, he (the yawer) and Behadur would accompany me to Shahr Sabz, Khoollom, and even as far as India. I told them that I was convinced that the nayeb was a traitor and a liar, in whose words in future I should place no reliance, and that I expected my fate with patience and resignation. Both Behadur and the yawer went out of the room, when a female, in the most coquetish manner, and unveiled, entered it. I at once observed the trap, and exclaimed, in a loud voice, and with great apparent rage, 'Go to hell!' The yawer and Behadur immediately entered, and asked what was the matter. I explained the whole. It was the same trick which the rascally nayeb tried to play to Stoddart and Conolly, for I heard from different people that the same stratagem had been practised on them, with a view to forcing them to become Muhammedans, but in vain. To this he compels every slave he takes, in order to sell the issue from them as slaves. I slept at night in the house of the yawer, Behadur and Hussein Ali, both servants of the nayeb, near me, and when I told them that they should sleep at a greater distance from me, they objected that the nayeb had ordered them to do so; but I pushed them away by force. The next morning, one of the king's head officers came and ordered me, in the name of the king, to go to town, and that I should instantly receive leave for my departure. I obeyed; but previous to this I was brought to the nayeb, where the rascal told me that he had given twenty tillahs to the head officer, that he should treat me with respect, and that I should get leave to depart after twenty days."

At a future period "an Affghan Seyd entered the garden, and said, 'Aye, you Kafir! have you succeeded in cheating the ameer, so that he let you go? If he had only given you into my hands, I would soon have made away with you by my javelin.' Abbas Kouli Khan said to him, 'Go, and leave the Frankee alone; he is a derveesh.' 'A derveesh!' he sneeringly replied; 'I know these Frankee derveeshes—I know these English derveeshes. They go into a country, spy out mountains and valleys, seas and rivers; find out a convenient adit, and then go home; inform a gentleman there—a chief, who has the name of *company*, who sends soldiers, and then takes a country; tell him what I say.' After this he left the garden. Some Calmucks also purposely called on me. They are also called the Eliad. They said, 'We come to see the renowned Frankee derveesh.' They are of a yellow colour; they sate down, looked at me, and made remarks on every movement of my body, which amused Abbas Kouli Khan so much, that he laughed incessantly. After they had examined me from head to foot, he advised me to allow them to pursue still closer investigations, which I declined. Like the Hazarah, they have scarcely any beard. At last one of them turned to a Jew, and asked him, in a low tone, to give him brandy and wine. They addressed me in Russian. I told them, in Persian, that I did not understand Russian, and asked them where they had learned it. They replied, 'From the Nogay Tatars.' Then they began: 'Have you

heard of Nicholas Pawlowitch? he is the greatest Krawl Russia has ever enjoyed.' They asked me whether we had many slaves in England. I told them that slavery was prohibited. My rascally servant, Abdullah, expressed a wish to go from Jesman-Doo again to see Abdul Samut Khan, but Abbas Kouli Khan prevented him. An extraordinary power of smelling in a Turkomaun, Khan Saat from Sarakha, was indicated to me here. He said, drawing up his nostrils, 'I smell a caravan of Usbecks;' and in a few hours a caravan from Organtsh arrived full of them. It is remarkable how the Turkomauns know, by the footsteps in the desert, the person who has been there, nay, the very tribe of Turkomauns that has passed. When Turkomauns or Calmucks saw people talking from a distance, I frequently heard them say, 'Let us draw our ears.' They then lie down on the ground, and hear from a distance what even two persons whisper together, and relate the exact conversation."

The last is a curious circumstance, and reminds us of Fine Ear in the Oriental tale. An *imperium in imperio* in Bokhara is mentioned:

"I got the following information about Shahr Sabz. It is a central city of Bokhara, but separated from the king, independent, and governed by its own khan. The reason of it is this: 1st. The people of Shahr Sabz are by far better and more courageous horsemen than the people of Bokhara. 2d. They can put in a moment the whole town under water, so that troops cannot reach them. 3d. It serves for the people of Bokhara as an asylum from the tyranny of the ameer; and therefore the people of Bokhara do not wish to take it. The khan of Shahr Sabz, however, for form's sake, sent to the ameer one thousand horsemen, as a subsidy in his war against Khiva and Khokand, but they were always ordered by the khan of Shahr Sabz not to give him the least assistance in reality."

With these examples we may, at any rate for the present, dismiss these volumes; and whilst we do justice to their variety of entertainment and information; and to the enthusiastic character of their author, we cannot but express our suspicion, that he is more of the lamb in profession than in verity. The violent temper he displayed in Exeter Hall, when ruffled by the remarks of Col. Stoddart's brother, was only the more objectionable from being commingled with a speech in which the name of Jesus was so often used, and, to all appearance, his doctrines so fervently inculcated.

Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I., &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. H. Colburn.

THOUGH purporting to be derived, and in some particulars truly, from the archives of Hanover, Brunswick, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, a very casual glance at this production will convince every intelligent reader that it is indeed a Romance, of History, or Historical Romance. The case made out for the Princess Sophia Dorothea is precisely that which a counsel learned in the law might be expected to make out for a client who feed him for her defence in a court of justice. He palliates every indiscreet act of hers, he exaggerates the propitiations of her enemies, and he fills up his descriptions so freely from his imagination, that we feel we can repose no confidence whatever in his statements or arguments. Dorothea and her mother are made out to be angels, and all the rest of the people who figure in these Memoirs only a little worse than fiends and demons. Our author proves too much.

According to him there never existed so vile

a race as that which was transferred from the electorate of Hanover to the kingdom of England. The family of Brunswick-Lüneburg certainly, men, women, and children, are on his page a set of the most abandoned wretches that ever disgraced humanity. There is a Scotch proverb which says—

"It is a poor kin

That has not — and thief in;"

but he makes them, one and all, without exception, —s, and thieves, and murderers; and at the same time he exalts their powers for committing evil. The poet Burns has written, Jacobitically or democratically—

"For German gentles are but sma'.

They're better joost than want ay!"

but the writer of these volumes of scandal and crime confronts us with the absolute potency of Zelle, Wolfenbüttel, Osnabrück, Thedinghausen, Lüneburg, Calenberg, Wilhelmsburg, Lauenburgh, and we know not how many other *bergs* and *burgs*, till we fancy Nero and Caligula were not only comparatively virtuous, but had less means to do wrong than the potentates of these enormous territories.

The princes being as bad a set as can well be imagined, we may notice, that their female connexions, married,morganatically allied, or otherways attached, are emphatically characterised in the single expressive title of "strumpetocracy!"

In the midst of these was cast the fate of Eleonore Marquise D'Olbreuse, who, after bearing a daughter to Duke George William of Zelle (by a morganatic or left-handed marriage) was legally wedded to him, and elevated to the rank of princess; and also the more melancholy fate of the aforesaid daughter, who married her cousin George, afterwards king of England.

The story of the mother occupies the earlier portion of the work, and then we have the girlish years of Dorothea, her proposed union with the prince of Wolfenbüttel, her acquaintance with Königsmark, and her political marriage with the son of the Bishop of Osnabrück. With him she lived, if not happily, at least without outrage, for a season, and bore him two children—a son, in 1683, our George II., and a daughter in 1686, named after her mother. But now thickened the devilish plots of the infamous Madame Platen, aided by Bernstorff, her sister Busche, and other accomplices, till in the end Königsmark was murdered, and the princess divorced and put under restraint for a life which lasted above thirty years. How these matters are represented may be gathered from the following examples:

"The annals of court-intrigue contain many examples of unprincipled women maintaining an absolute ascendancy over the mind of a sovereign apparently near his dotage, to the obstruction of justice and the dishonour of the government. We have only to allude to what lawyers would pronounce 'a case in point,' existing in our own history, to be found in the connexion of the venerable hero, Edward III., with Dame Alice Perrers. According to some of our most plain-speaking old chroniclers, Dame Perrers and Madame Platen bore an extraordinary likeness to each other. Fortunately for us, court-favourites of this sort have not occurred very frequently in our history; but, in the French annals, mistresses appear to have been thought a much more necessary appendage to the state than queens; and Madame Platens may be found, by the half-dozen at least, in almost every reign. They had flourished rarely of late years, and were so completely in accordance with the

genius of the French people, that, in the most popular reigns—for instance, those of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze—they sprouted up like mushrooms in a meadow. They had become a fashion in France, and, with other French fashions, readily found a footing at some of the German courts. They had found more than a footing at Osnabrück, and it seemed to be the design of the bishop's mistress, as soon as she had completely established herself at court, to render petticoat-influence as predominant at the episcopal palace of that ancient see as ever it had been at Versailles. With this object in view, Madame Platen carefully instructed her sister, Madame Busche, in the arts necessary for her to gain the same kind of ascendancy over the crown-prince as she had obtained over his father. Court-trigues bear usually a most immoral aspect, but we cannot call to mind any thing so vile in the most depraved court as the abominable conduct of these married sisters, in thus entering into a compact to lend themselves to the licentious inclinations of father and son.* In the mean time, the lovely Sophia Dorothea was fast rising into an accomplished and graceful womanhood. No pains had been spared by her education, which, having been directed by her mother, who was, as we have said, one of the best educated women throughout Germany, it cannot be deemed extraordinary that, wherever her name was mentioned, her talents were quite as much lauded as her beauty. Count Königsmark—if he had ever aspired so high, which is at least questionable—saw the complete hopelessness of success in such a suit. He may have been allowed access to the princess occasionally at the court-entertainments, during his residence at Zelle, and continued among her acquaintance, but he must have seen that such an intercourse could only be prolonged at a very respectful distance. He entered the army, and devoted himself to a military career with an ardour that appeared to foretell very splendid success. He travelled from one court to another, and wherever he stayed he succeeded in establishing for himself a splendid reputation for his remarkably handsome appearance, his costly style of living, his excessive liberality, and apparently exhaustless wealth. The princess was now an object for the active rivalry of the most powerful princes in Northern Germany. . . . The Princess Sophia Dorothea was now approaching that delightful period in woman's existence that divides girlhood from womanhood, and shewed to what sterling advantage the superintending care of her accomplished mother had been applied."

We are not sure that we comprehend exactly what this 'delightful period' is? Perhaps some lady-critic might tell us; but whatever it was, the princess was seemingly well prepared for it, for "her education had been rendered as perfect as the resources of her father's court and her father's wealth could supply. She was eminently skilled in whatever was deemed desirable a lady of the highest rank should know. She gave promise of more than ordinary mental capacity, and was gifted with a most lovely countenance, and a figure of faultless symmetry, which a natural grace and a gentle and amiable disposition clothed with a thousand additional attractions. Her dancing was worthy the daughter of a Frenchwoman, and the same graceful spirit pervaded her every movement."

We would stop in admiration of the dancing by descent but for the addition: "On this ap-

* How could the author know this?—Ed. L. G.

peared to be grafted the high tone of moral feeling, and the just perception of the useful and the good, which render the German character so admirable for all the purposes of sociality."

One could hardly believe that this was really the German character, whilst reading a book which describes little else than intrigue, vice, falsehood, treason, conspiracy, utter want of principle, barbarity, brutality, and strumpetocracy. But so it is; and romance is not obliged to be always consistent—and romance it is: *vide* the marriage with Prince George, instead of her mother's choice the Prince of Wolfenbüttel, and say if he not in the genuine style:

"The Duchess Eleonore was in despair. The union of her beloved daughter with a prince who had already created for himself an evil reputation by his tendency towards the most vulgar profligacy, was exceedingly repulsive to her; and became the more intolerable when brought in contrast with the more desirable marriage that had been so abruptly put an end to. Prince Augustus William of Wolfenbüttel was in all things the opposite of Prince George of Hanover. In truth it was 'Hyperion to a satyr.' The former appeared to possess every ennobling virtue, the latter seemed master of almost every degrading vice. A marriage of expediency, under any circumstances, she knew to be a most hazardous speculation of human feelings; but what could result to a young and delicate creature like the Princess Sophia Dorothea, religiously educated and carefully nurtured, whose sympathies had already been excited towards a young and amiable prince, from her union with a coarse-minded, self-willed reprobate, of whom, if she knew any thing, it must have consisted of intelligence that represented him in a light as fearful as possible to her pure and gentle nature? The fond mother shuddered as she asked the question."

She is married accordingly, and becomes the victim we have related; and we quote a passage in the development of the plot to ruin her:

"The Princess was attended by a young lady, named Kneesebeck, who was devotedly attached to her, and enjoyed her confidence. To her the young mother remarked the rare and hurried visits of her consort, and speculated as to the real cause of this apparent negligence. Her attendant endeavoured to find apologies for the prince, on the score of his numerous avocations; but some prophetic sense of evil seemed to intimate to the neglected wife that mischief was impending. She was restless and uncomfortable; and continued her motherly duties to her two infants, while pursuing a train of unpleasant reflections. About this period, the lady of the Baron Platen paid her a complimentary visit, and after a liberal show of professions of respect and good-will, she proceeded, in her usual crafty manner, to mention the parties she had enjoyed with the crown-prince and the beautiful Mademoiselle Schulenburg: never failing to dilate on the extraordinary attractions of that young lady, and on the very evident gratification the crown-prince seemed to take in her society. Then, having planted a dagger in the heart of the virtuous wife, she took her leave with the same profusion of hollow compliments with which she had entered."

As the romance proceeds, the Messalina, Mrs. Platen (who was not satisfied with the bishop and a score of other lovers) seduced Königsmark himself into the train.

"In the mean while, the Countess Platen had employed all her blandishments upon the

handsome Königsmark, with the object, it was thought, of making him subservient to her views against the princess, and he became so frequent a visitor at her house that she was obliged to endeavour to stop the scandal it occasioned, by stating he was paying his addresses to her daughter. How far the count's conduct to her laid him open to the stories that were in circulation about them, cannot be correctly ascertained, but the general laxity of morals, and Königsmark's well known character for intrigue, render it very probable that he either did not care or did not dare to neglect her advances. Nevertheless, he still devoted himself to the princess. No doubt, communion with her pure and noble character was too refreshing to be readily abandoned, after being obliged to associate with the clique of the wife of the prime minister. The countess, however, could not endure that Königsmark should visit the princess; she remonstrated with him, and even requested he would leave off doing so. The count, in his next interview, repeated this in a jesting manner to the princess, but the latter having learned the malicious remarks her powerful enemy had made on the subject, considered it advisable to avoid giving cause for scandal, and recommended the count to discontinue visiting her. To recompense him for any disappointment this might bring, she gave her consent to a correspondence that was to pass through the hands of her attached friend, Mademoiselle Kneesebeck. Notwithstanding this caution, the countess was too shrewd, or else too suspicious, to rest satisfied, and, as whenever the consort of the crown-prince met her in public, her highness did not care to conceal the contempt she felt for such an adventuress, and Königsmark could not refrain on similar occasions from shewing the respect with which he regarded the princess, the countess continued to receive provocation to revenge, which she was not the person to pass unnoticed."

We cannot help thinking that this is a lame explanation of a dark affair; and our next quotations are still more suspicious:

Königsmark went to Dresden, and "the state of morals," we are told, "in the capital of the Elector of Saxony was, as may readily be imagined, at a very low ebb indeed, and here it was that the handsome and gallant Königsmark directed his steps soon after leaving Hanover. A life of pleasure, as it was termed, was eagerly sought after by the rich and titled, as the only proper existence for them, and the higher the dignity the greater was the excess to which all the sensual gratifications were carried. It was clearly apparent that there was a royal road to vice; and gluttony, intoxication, and licentiousness, were the ordinary ways by which it was passed. A person so distinguished by nature, and so celebrated for his gallantries, was sure not to be overlooked wherever he went; and at the table of the elector, where he soon found a conspicuous place, he was surrounded by congenial spirits, with whom the jest went round with the wine, till too little discretion was left to enjoy either. The count heard many extraordinary tales of gallantry, and was induced to acquaint his new friends with some of his own adventures. The ladies of the court of Hanover were always interesting objects of scandalous gossip to the gallants of neighbouring courts, and Count Königsmark found a delighted auditory, whose encouragement led him on to more piquant reminiscences. The principal objects of his revelations were the Countess Platen, Madame Weyke, and Mademoiselle Schulenburg, whom he re-

presented as any thing but vestals. He brought forward some entertaining anecdotes of each of the court-favourites, that must have given his hearers a lively idea of the characters of these worthies. It has been represented that he had been drinking deeply, and that he spoke without reserve of their infamous conduct—particularly dilating on the wrongs the Princess Sophia Dorothea had been forced to suffer in consequence of their intrigues against her. Of the count's discretion in relating at a public table scandalous gossip of a woman so revengeful and at the same time so powerful as the wife of the elector of Hanover's prime minister, there can scarcely be two opinions; but what shall be said of his bringing in the name of the princess under such circumstances? Assuredly the wine he had drunk shut out from his mind the folly and the danger of his conduct."

"Count Königsmark afforded much amusement to the court of Dresden, by relating his own intrigues with the Countess Platen. Amongst his laughing audience, however, there chanced to be a nobleman who was in communication with that lady. He had some years previously resided at the court of Zelle, which he had been obliged to leave: from what cause cannot be more nearly ascertained, than that the Princess Sophia Dorothea was in some way involved in it. Most probably he had been a too aspiring suitor; but we know only that he regarded her with no good will, and his sentiments becoming known to the Countess Platen, he was easily engaged in her interests. From him she learned all that the incautious count had so publicly revealed, and her rage became deadly. Nothing but his life would now satisfy her revenge, and to destroy him seemed the sole aim of her existence. She took an early opportunity of exciting the mind of the elector against him, by the most exaggerated account of what he had said about her, her sister, and Mademoiselle Schulenburg; with a comprehensive addition of offensive observations upon the sovereign of Hanover, which he had never uttered. The elector was very much offended with his colonel of the Guards for such behaviour to his and his son's mistresses; but though this was very bad, to speak disrespectfully of his patron was abominable, and he readily gave a promise it should not go unpunished. There was another offender, against whom this woman's wrath was equally deadly in its tendency. This was the princess. The countess now sought to slander away both the life and the reputation of her sovereign's daughter-in-law, by affirming the most horrible calumnies, supported by evidence there can be no doubt she had suborned. The elector would gladly have treated her with the contempt she deserved, but her influence had become so powerful, that he himself was in fear of it. He temporised; he promised an inquiry. The countess even insinuated, that the princess and the count were in league with the Duke of Wolfenbüttel; but even this exciting subject failed in blinding the elector to the absurdity of such a charge. The favourite, stung with her want of success, grew more virulent in her charges; but her patron at last mustered sufficient indignation to tell his companion, that his opinion of the princess was not to be shaken by assertions without proof. To obtain such proof was now her great object. She was not scrupulous in the means she employed; and if she could not get the testimony she required, she was determined to get something that should be mistaken for it. Excited by rage, jealousy, and hatred, she had sufficient stimulants at work to bring out all that mischievous talent which had so helped her

forward during her career; and moreover, she had at her hand agents of all kinds, of whose readiness at any bad purpose she had ample evidence. She well considered her plans, and when they were mature, satisfied of their success, she kept, like a bloated spider, out of sight of her victims, but ready to pounce upon them the moment they got entangled in the intricate web she had spun for their destruction. Just at this crisis, Count Königsmark returned to Hanover, gay and brilliant as ever, and completely ignorant of the danger in which he stood. He met with but a cold reception at the electoral palace; but this did not appear to give him any uneasiness. When he retired to his chamber, he found a note written in pencil, from the princess, requesting he would visit her that evening. It was an unusual time to go to the princess's apartments; nevertheless he went, and was admitted. On some surprise being expressed that he should have ventured there at such an hour, he produced the pencil note. It was a forgery! This discovery should have put them on their guard, and the princess ought to have dismissed her visitor as speedily as possible. But they had much to say to each other, and the princess had communications to make, an opportunity for which might not occur again. A long and confidential interview, in the presence of Mademoiselle Knesbeck, took place. After endeavouring to entertain the princess with a narrative of his travels and adventures, including an account of what transpired at his last interview with the countess, the count learned from her that her position had become quite intolerable. The conduct of the crown-prince was such as no woman of womanly feeling could endure; and as he still continued his intimacy with Mademoiselle Schulenburg, who, with her worthless associates, did all in her power to annoy and insult her, of course no reconciliation had been or could be effected. Feeling it impossible to remain where she was with the slightest hope of comfort, she had desired to return to her parents; but her father's mind had been excited against her, by the artful representations of Bernstorff, at the suggestion of the Platens, and he had refused to receive her. The poor princess had been rendered desperate by the wrongs with which she had been goaded, and expressed her determination to the count not to remain where she was. Königsmark eagerly caught at this. There can be but little doubt that he was as deeply enamoured of the princess as such a mere man of pleasure could be of a woman of her high rank, placed in a position that should have commanded the sympathy and devotion of a more honourable mind. He was ready to do every thing and risk every thing to assist her views; but it is impossible to imagine such a man disinterested. Mademoiselle Knesbeck, who knew well what was going on, in her revelations conveys the impression that he was a mere hollow-hearted libertine, who encouraged the unhappy princess in her desire to abandon her miserable home from the hope it afforded of his being chosen as the companion of her flight. The prospect of running away with a princess was exceedingly gratifying to his self-love; it was a crowning adventure in the gallantries of Count Königsmark, which would render his name more than ever celebrated in all the courts of Europe; it would afford indubitable evidence of an attachment which would at once make him the wonder and envy of all his licentious contemporaries. He was ready to resign his employments under the elector, and prepare every thing, at his own expense, for the

immediate flight of the princess to Paris. But driven to despair as she was, with a brain almost maddened by the injustice with which she had been treated, the princess entertained no intention of committing her good name more than she could avoid. She believed Count Königsmark to be a faithful friend—she was grateful for his sympathy—she fancied she could place the fullest confidence in his honour, and was convinced he alone had the power of emancipating her from the degrading treatment which had caused her such intense suffering. As her father would not listen to her urgent prayer to be allowed to retire to Zelle, from the persecution and insults she experienced at Hanover, she seemed barbarously shut out from all hope of securing an honourable asylum. A gleam of sunshine, however, was still left her, and in the darkness which enveloped her future, it shone with extraordinary brilliancy."

Coming from this most indiscreet interview the count was murdered; and after various inquiries, and attempts at justification and reconciliation, the princess was doomed to imprisonment in the castle of Ahlden. Here she lived, with a host of spies and guards, but enjoyed comparative liberty. Her husband succeeds to the crown of England, and takes possession, with an ugly harem of corrupt and rapacious mistresses. Countess Platen died in misery; and the imprisoned princess wrote a diary, which is contained in the second volume, and repeats what is narrated in the first.

Nothing further need be said. The work may gratify curiosity—and the more if it be a little purulent;—but for authentic history it cannot possibly be mistaken; and we regret that the dubious so far outweighs what might fairly be considered as throwing light on the period and on the actors in such comico-tragical dramatic scenes.

Sketches, &c., in Brazil. By the Rev. Daniel P. Kidder, A.M. Vol. 2, Svo. Wiley and Putnam.

WE very recently reviewed the first volume of this work, and made all the observations upon it we then thought (or think now) necessary. In these times our business is not so much with old as with new matter, when we can find it; and *résumés* of ancient history, though they may be good in themselves, and are efficient in swelling publications, are not so much to our mind as to lead us into a borrowed display of knowledge, picked out of the author for the occasion. We have not a word to say about the Portuguese and Dutch struggles for Bahia, nor for any of the contests which through two or three centuries led to the *status quo* of the empire of Brazil. That huge country is as yet hardly planted: what it is, it cannot long remain; and within what our friends in Section C. call a geological period, it will probably be a glorious concatenation of populous nations. At present, according to the notions of a Bethel missionary, there are no signs of this coming greatness, for he says:

"During a walk one morning in the lower town, my attention was called to various *fabricas de imagens*—image-manufactories. Saints, crucifixes, and every species of the ghostly paraphernalia of Romanism were here exhibited in the shops, with a profusion that I no where else saw, indicating that the traffic in these articles was more flourishing here than in other parts. It is not in name only that Bahia enjoys the ecclesiastical supremacy of Brazil. It is the seat of the only archbishopric in the empire. Its churches exceed in number and in sumptuousness those of any other

city; and its convents are said to contain more friars and more nuns than those of all the empire besides."

Their superstition is so great, that St. Anthony, *i. e.*, a figure of him, thrown overboard from a ship, was "enlisted as a soldier in the fortress near the barra bearing his name. In this capacity he received regular pay until he was promoted to the rank of captain by the governor, Rodrigo da Costa. The order for his promotion, which subsequently received the royal sanction, is sufficiently curious to merit a translation. The governor says:

"It has been represented to me by the Municipal Chamber of this city, that in 1645 it was resolved by the aforesaid Chamber to cause masses to be said annually to the glorious St. Antonio of the barra, and that a vow was made to him that, in case of the restoration of Pernambuco, he should have an image made of silver, a festa, and a solemn procession established on the day of the restoration. All this appears in the records of the Camara; but although Pernambuco was restored, after suffering under the oppression and tyranny of the Dutch twenty-four years, yet said vow has never been fulfilled. Wherefore, and because we now more than ever need the favours of the aforementioned saint, both on account of the present wars in Portugal, and of those which may yet happen in Bahia, the said Chamber has besought me, in commemoration of the aforementioned vow, to assign to the said glorious St. Anthony the rank and pay of a captain in the fortress where he has hitherto only received the pay of a common soldier. In obedience to this request, and subject to the approval of the king, I therefore assign to the glorious St. Anthony the rank of captain in the said fortress, and order that the solicitor of the Franciscan convent be authorised to draw, in his behalf, the regular amount of a captain's pay."

RODRIGO DA COSTA.

'Bahia, July 16, 1705.'

"It appears from Mr. Armitage, that this saint has received still higher promotion in Brazil. That writer remarked in 1835, 'St. Antonio holds, up to the present day in Rio de Janeiro, the rank of colonel in the army, and receives his pay as such through the hands of his terrestrial delegates, the Franciscan monks.'"

Previous to this, St. Francis Xavier had received similar honours, promotion, and pay. There is much from Southey in this work, but the author travels all along the seaboard, supplying later information; and adds to his own remarks a survey of the three inland provinces of Matto Grosso, Gayaz, and Minas Geraes. Into these views we need not enter; but with a few patches render all the duty which such a publication demands.

"It is a singular circumstance, that coffee is retailed at a higher price in Pernambuco than in the United States. Orange-trees suffer very much from the depredations of the ants, being sometimes stripped of their entire foliage in a single night. When a tree has thus been visited three successive times, it does not survive."

"The great natural advantages of this country must be noted among the existing causes of its low state of improvement. The stern voice of necessity, 'work or die,' never disturbs the day-dreams of the Brazilian, as he yawns in his hammock during the bright hours of sunshine. The great mass of the lower classes live as they list. Their wants are few and simple, and to a great degree conformed to the spontaneous productions of nature. Multitudes of Indians inhabit Ceará in a state of

semi-barbarism. As a general rule, they are idle and vicious, living chiefly upon indigenous fruits, or those which are cultivated with scarcely any trouble, but seeking occasional plunder. At a former period they were under an excellent system of police, and could be hired in any number to work on the plantations of cultivators. This regimen has long since disappeared, and the wretched beings are now of no service to themselves or to any one else. Although their degradation and pitiable state are referred to in every president's report, yet from year to year no proper efforts are made for their instruction or improvement. Slaves at the same time are comparatively scarce in the province. This is a circumstance lamented by the people generally as a great calamity; but it is easy to believe that indolence enough prevails there already. It would be excessive cruelty to enslave others, so that more of it might be indulged. As an illustration of this idea, I will mention the fact, that the melancia or water-melon, which grows to a large size in all parts of Brazil, is produced here in unwonted profusion. During their season these melons are not only eaten as a dessert, but as a principal article of food, especially by the Indians and mixed races. So abundant are they, as to be sold frequently at the rate of twenty cents per hundred. Thus, for a single penny, could be purchased as much as a man would consume in a week. Thousands of these people, in the interior, have never seen the article of bread. An anecdote was related to me of a matuto from the far sertão, who, on visiting Aracaty, resolved to gratify his curiosity respecting what he had so often heard of as a great foreign luxury. He accordingly went to a baker's shop, and purchased a halfloaf of rolls, and then seated himself under a tree and commenced paring them, as he would oranges or bananas. The taste, however, did not please his palate, and he soon threw them away as unfit to be eaten, exclaiming, doubtless, 'não presta para nada.'

"The province of Ceará is estimated to contain one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. In the year 1841 there were in operation within its boundaries thirty-one primary schools, frequented by eight hundred and thirty pupils; and seven Latin schools, with forty-six pupils. The number of soldiers embraced in the different sections of the national guards, the militia of the country, was about eleven thousand. The House of Correction belonging to the province was occupied by eighteen delinquents. Its prisons were few, and generally insufficient to prevent the escape of criminals. The following is the official list of crimes committed during the year, between July 1840 and July 1841:—Murders, 72; attempt to murder, 15; threat, 1; serious wounds, 20; light wounds, 24; physical injuries, 4; robbery, 10; theft, 17; rape, 3; calumny and injury, 8; use of prohibited arms, 2; prevarication, 1; disobedience, 15; defalcation, 2; abuse of authority, 1; sedition, 1: total, 196. The religious establishment was manifestly deteriorating. 'This unquestionable fact,' says president Coelho, 'is not only chargeable upon a clergy (with some honourable exceptions) ignorant, depraved in habits, corrupt in morals, involved in the concerns of the world, and totally forgetful of their heavenly mission; but is also due to the indifference with which the legislature treats the wants of the church.' *

"The turtle-egg butter of Amazonia (manteiga da tartaruga) is a substance quite peculiar to this quarter of the globe. At certain seasons of the year the turtles appear by thousands on

the banks of the rivers, in order to deposit their eggs upon the sand. The noise of their shells striking against each other in the rush is said to be sometimes heard at a great distance. Their work commences at dusk, and ends with the following dawn, when they retire to the water. Their task is continued until each turtle has deposited from sixty to one hundred and forty eggs. During the day-time the inhabitants collect these eggs, and pile them up in heaps resembling the stacks of cannon-balls seen at a navy-yard. These heaps are often twenty feet in diameter, and of a corresponding height. While yet fresh they are thrown into wooden canoes or other large vessels, and broken with sticks, and stamped fine with the feet. Water is then poured on, and the whole is exposed to the rays of the sun. The heat brings the oily matter of the eggs to the surface, from which it is skimmed off with cuyas and shells. After this it is subjected to a moderate heat, until ready for use. When clarified, it has the appearance of butter that has been melted. It always retains the taste of fish-oil, but is much prized for seasoning by the Indians and those who are accustomed to its use. It is conveyed to market in earthen jars. In earlier times it was estimated that nearly two hundred and fifty millions of turtles' eggs were annually destroyed in the manufacture of this mantelga. Recently the number is less, owing to the gradual inroads made upon the turtle race, and also to the advance of civilisation."

With one other quotation, of a literary nature, we conclude:

"It must, perhaps, be considered as a misfortune to Brazil, in a literary point of view, that her language is the Portuguese. A prejudice against that language prevails extensively among foreign nations. Although that prejudice is in a great degree unjust, yet it will not soon be overcome. Hitherto the meagreness of Portuguese literature, if it has not originated the sentiment alluded to, has at least strengthened it. The learned have seldom been induced to form that acquaintance with the language which is essential to an appreciation of its real merits. Those who have formed that acquaintance accord to it high praises. Mr. Southey, for example, has declared it to be 'inferior to no modern speech,' and to contain 'some of the most original and admirable works that he had ever perused.' This being the fact, if the Brazilians shall develop the genius and the application necessary to such a result, they may yet, by creating a literature worthy of themselves, secure the respect and admiration of the world."

LORD LYTTLETON'S MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

THE second volume contains a much larger portion of political matter than the first, and is accordingly less to our purpose, for we cannot think the personal character of Lord Lyttelton of any consequence to the public of our day; and whether he was exactly what Walpole, or Johnson, or Dr. Beattie, or Mr. Phillimore, have said he was, is certainly not worth our weighing or speculating upon.

What we have to add, therefore, may be comprised within a small compass. In the year 1756, Garrick writes to Lord Lyttelton:

"That your lordship has any object for the exercise of your resignation and patience, most truly affects me. If you had not these stops in the course of your life, your change from this world to a better would not have sufficient con-

trast. To enjoy a good share of health, the good wishes of all good men, and be the praise of all parties, with a circle of friends whose taste, knowledge, and genius can enjoy yours—these are blessings few can boast of, and I hope I may morally pray God that you may long enjoy them, and survive all the objects of your patience and resignation. Mrs. Vesey is a most agreeable woman; Mrs. Montagu is herself alone. Were they eighteen, and I an Adonis of twenty-one, I should love one and adore the other—I would kiss the hands of the Sylph, but fall at the feet of the Minerva. Such are my feelings about them; and if your lordship can work up a little jealousy out of this declaration, I beg you will make the best of it. You deserve a small portion of mischief at my hands, for raising the vanity of Pid-pad to such a height, that all my assumed dignity cannot lower her. I must not scold, and find fault, but she throws your lordship at my head; and in short, for I begin to grow angry, if you and Pid-pad grow as fashionable as other folks, I must have satisfaction, and to have the most full and complete satisfaction, I shall desire your lordship to meet me in Hagley Park. Most devotedly your lordship's D. GARRICK.

'Pid-pad sends her love.'

"Among the mss. I find in Lyttelton's handwriting the following verses—'Pid-pad' * is probably the enchantress of the second stanza:

'Garriek, behold the Fairy King!
To you my choicest gifts I bring;
To you, whose power surpasses mine,
This wand (my sceptre) I resign.
You can all forms assume with ease,
Secure in every form to please;
I can the elements control,
But you command the human soul.
Yet one there is whose gentle sway
E'en you, with all your spells, obey;
Whose magic binds in pleasing chains
Your heart, and there triumphant reigns;
To whom each sister Grace imparts
Her sweetest charms, her finest arts.
Oft may she tread this hallowed green,
And she shall be the Fairy Queen!'

The house of Garrick had in fact succeeded to the villa of Pope. Here, in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Vesey, sometimes of Mrs. Thrale, and often, at a later period, of Mrs. Montagu, Lyttelton frequented that kind of society which subsisted on literary gossip, and which, except when Johnson sat enthroned, was too often a poor imitation of French manners, as the works of the day were, with some very considerable exceptions, feeble copies of that French style, thought, and expression, which the writings of Bolingbroke and Voltaire had made generally fashionable."

We have a little more of Voltaire, who took mortal offence at the manner in which he was mentioned by Lyttelton in his *Dialogues of the Dead*. The correspondence is amusing.

"I have (says the Frenchman) read the ingenious 'Dialogues of the Dead.' I find (page 134) that I am an exile, and guilty of some excesses in writing. I am obliged (and perhaps for the honour of my country) to say I am not an exile, because I have not committed the excesses the author of the *Dialogues* imputes to me. No body rais'd his voice higher than mine in favour of the rights of human kind; yet I have not exceeded in that virtue. I am not settled in Switzerland as he believes. I live in my own lands in France. Retreat is becoming to old age, and more becoming in one's own possessions. If I enjoy a little country-house near Geneva, my manors and my castles are in Burgundy; and if my king has been pleased to confirm the privileges of

* Mrs. Garrick had been a celebrated dancer.

my lands, which are free from all tributes, I am the more addicted to my king. If I was an exile I had not obtained from my court many a passport for English noblemen. The service I rendered to them intitles me to the justice I expect from the noble author. As to religion, I think, and I hope he thinks with me, that God is neither a Presbyterian, nor a Lutheran, nor of the lower church, nor of the high church, but God is the father of all mankind, the father of the noble author and mine. — I am with respect, his most humble servant,

"VOLTAIRE,

"Gentleman of the king's chamber.

"At my castle of Ferney in Burgundy."

Lyttelton's answer is a very sensible one; but a letter from Mr. Phelps, an eye-witness of Voltaire's conduct, is better deserving of having at least a part of it quoted:

"I find (he says) that he is much hurt at the name of exile, and yet that voluntary banishment which he now chuses to call his retreat in Suisse, was always consider'd by the sensible people of that country as the effect of prudence rather than of choice. He had taken a house at Lausanne on a lease of nine years; he had paid the rent for the whole term in advance, and had expended a very large sum in fitting it up according to his own taste and convenience. It was at this time that I was first known to him, was with him frequently in his hours of gaiety, and those of a very different complexion. His favourite theme in all humours was, *Je ne sais pas Français*, except when his vanity prompted him to read us the accounts which he regularly received of real or imaginary victories gained by his countrymen. He was upon these occasions as arrant a Frenchman as the most illiterate of his nation, and received the most glaring political absurdities upon trust. He was the most inconsistent whenever he talked of the King of Prussia; and I remember when we first heard that the united imperial and French army was marching down to drive the King of Prussia out of Saxony, that I saw a billet which M. Voltaire wrote to a gentleman who lived in the next street, express in these terms: '*Ce Monsieur de Brandenbourg qui a fait presenter quatre bayonnettes au ventre de ma niece en a quatre vingt milles en arret contre lui.*' This alluded to his niece being refused admittance to him when he was under arrest at Francfort. Some few days after, we were informed of the French defeat at Rosbach. M. Voltaire's billet was much changed: '*J'admire le Roy de Prusse, je plains les Français, et je me tais.*' He was as consistent too with respect to the English; sometimes we were islanders fit for the element that surrounded us, without taste of life or sense of manner; at other times, Monsieur, vous êtes Anglais, Grand Dieu! que je voudrais l'être. He indeed did us the honour in his hours of dislike to treat us with hatred rather than with contempt. Such was the Voltaire that I left in Suisse about three years ago, when I went into Italy, and such I found him upon my return last year, but the limits of his retreat were then much confined."

A passage of criticism in one of Lyttelton's letters, where he is speaking of Gray, is so short and pithy that we beg to recommend it to general attention:

"I have an aversion to tame poetry; at best, perhaps, the art is the sublimest of the *difficiles nuga*: to measure or rhyme prose is trifling without being difficult."

A mention of Mickle also attracts our notice: "About 1760 Lyttelton entered into correspondence with an unknown person, apparently

endowed with considerable genius, and struggling with severe distress. — William Julius Mickle, the translator of the '*Lusiad*,' the author of '*Syr Martin*,' and of the popular and well-known song, 'There's nae luck about the house,' and of the affecting ballad of 'Cumnor Hall,' known to most English readers, since it became the basis of Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*."

Lyttelton befriended him when in difficulties; and how much his having acted the good Samaritan on similar occasions shed a sunshine over his last hours, may be gathered from the following:

"The circumstances of his last illness and death are thus related by Dr. Johnstone, a physician of Kidderminster, who attended him: — 'On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man.'

"Doctor," he said, "you shall be my confessor: when I first set out in the world I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me, but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and in public life I have made the public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my power; and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatever.' At another time he said, 'I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.' On the evening when the symptoms of death came on him, he said, 'I shall die; but it will not be your fault.' When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, 'Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this.' Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. * * * He expired almost without a groan."

Chronicles of the Bastille, &c. 8vo. Pp. 640. London, Newby.

A TALE of many horrors in the shape of a historical romance, now collected together, after appearing in a serial form; and one, like the *Causas Célèbres*, well devised to pique curiosity and gratify the morbid appetite, incident to human nature, for distressing and terrible events.

Black's Picturesque Guide to the English Lakes. The Geology by John Phillips. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.

THIS is a second edition of an excellent guide-book, well deserving of being pocketed by every visitor to the picturesque scenery it describes; so unlike that of any other portion of the British isles. For the hill, dale, lake, and river of the north and west of England differ essentially from the Killarney and other similar features spread over Ireland; from the fewer specimens in Wales; and from the grander development of the Scottish Highlands. They are very charming, and there is wildness enough around to contrast with the lovely sleeping of the waters. No wonder that this neighbourhood became a land of song; and inspired our

Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson. The lovers of song and nature will long frequent it with much delight; and will find this a suitable companion to direct their steps.

The Scottish Tourist. Edited by W. Rhind. Pp. 414. Edinburgh, Lizars; London, Hightley; Dublin, Curry.

THE ninth edition of an excellent guide-book, with above ninety views, routes, and maps; all kinds of needful intelligence, and geological and botanical information, ably condensed. Nothing could be more seasonable than its re-issue in an enlarged and improved state, now that every one who can enjoy the treat is on tiptoe for the pastoral south, and on the wing for the Highland lochs and mountains, grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, roe, and red deer!

Tales. By Edgar E. Pos. Pp. 208. Wiley and Putnam.

THERE is considerable interest in these Tales, the plots of most of them partaking of mysterious ingredients, and, where the ground is laid in America, the local descriptions being ably written. The style is not disfigured by any gross Yankeeisms, but blemished by some common instances. For example, we are told that the chief amusements of a person were "gunning and fishing." Now we cannot see why it should not be shooting and fishing; or, if they will say gunning, why, it should be all of a piece, and "gunning and rodding," the expression. In spite of such trifling defects, the volume will be read with satisfaction, to amuse the vacant hour.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, WINCHESTER.

ON Monday, at three o'clock, a number of the members had reached the seat of congress, and the chair, in the Town-Hall, was punctually taken by Lord Albert Conyngham, the president, at that hour. His lordship briefly addressed the assembled company of ladies and gentlemen, about seventy in all, and pointed out the benefits to be derived from archaeological pursuits, both to the individuals engaged in them and to the country in which they were cultivated. The minutest fragment of antiquity, when submitted to the practised eye, was, his lordship observed, often available to clearing up some disputed point in history, or might even supply a link in the broken chain of historical evidence; and not unfrequently we glean alone from coins and inscriptions notices of events and people unmentioned in written records. Nations and their rulers have passed away, in many instances, without any other vestige of their existence than that found neglected and despised by every body except the antiquary, who learned never to despise the humblest object, if it gave knowledge or furthered the progress of historical truth.

[We regret that we took no note of this most applicable speech, which in so few words expressed so much in the best spirit of archaeological union and antiquarian research. — Ed. L. G.]

Mr. Pettigrew, the treasurer, next proceeded to read his paper on the objects, &c., of antiquarian researches, in which he only very shortly, but with great good feeling, alluded to the unfortunate schism which had divided the Association. He alluded to the disposition shewn, and to the offers made, by the Central Committee to heal this unseemly difference, so injurious to the science which they all had at heart; but since it had been found impossible to surmount the obstacles presented to a union,

he called upon the present meeting to go diligently to their purpose, and prove by their works their devotion to the cause in which they had so cordially embarked. As this address embodied a general view of the Association, and its condition and objects, we copy from it some of the most prominent observations. After a comprehensive and literary introduction, Mr. P. said:—

"It is the province of the antiquary, by his erudition and his knowledge, to collect, assort, and connect together the various particulars which he finds scattered either in the pages of history or in the search for antiquities, so as to elucidate each other and to bring the whole into one system. Much learning may be possessed, and it may be carried out by great ingenuity; but unless the advantage of extensive experience be added in a knowledge of details and an acquaintance with collections, very unsatisfactory indeed will be the result. Societies alone can amass this knowledge, the united efforts of the many in all parts of the globe are essential to enable any generalisation of the subject to be made. The Society of Antiquaries has been one of great benefit to this country—it has promoted true and useful learning—it has extended researches into real and practical knowledge—it has illustrated the laws and customs of our country, and exhibited the gradual advances that have been made in the arts during different periods of its history, displaying the various contrivances and inventions of man to meet his varying and multiplied wants. . . . It is only to be lamented that the society has not taken a still wider range of inquiry, and with the progress of knowledge extended their means of acquiring information. No period presents itself under more favourable auspices for the collection of materials of antiquity than the present; and one of the objects of this Association has been, to do that which the Society of Antiquaries should have accomplished, but which, perhaps, from the nature of their charter and establishment, it would be difficult for them now to engage in."

He then treated of the opening of barrows, and strongly recommended the formation of a museum for the safe-keeping of all British antiquities; and continued:—

"More than half a century since it was well observed by an excellent antiquarian, that History hath been compared to a great ship floating down the tide of Time, fraught and replete with the precious cargo of knowledge; but if to this representation of history be true, and if never such a ship was so freighted, unhappily it hath never reached our ports. The vessel has suffered shipwreck; and the valuable stores which it is said to have contained are sunk and overwhelmed under the waves of deep oblivion. Some fragments of its bill of lading have come to hand; some parts of the drifted wreck have, by the tide, been thrown upon our coasts; some buoyant parcels of the cargo have been found floating on the surface; and some even valuable articles have been fished up out of the wreck; but none sufficient, as yet, to give a clear and precise idea of the vessel which was freighted for us, nor of the cargo which was meant to have supplied the wants of this knowledge. Here, then, the studies and researches of the antiquary come in aid; it is his office to collect all the fragments he can find drifted on the wide ocean; to dive for, and to fish up from the wreck, every thing that can be recovered; and finally, when that can be done, to assort all these together by various repeated experiments, led on by what their matter and forms promise, so as to form some theory at least of

the system of which they were parts. If he be but a superficial or a hasty theorist, he will most likely be mistaken; yet the correction of his mistakes may lead to better knowledge."

Mr. P. next took a historical retrospect of the formation of the Society of Antiquaries, the French Institute, &c. &c., and also of the formation of the present Archaeological Association by Messrs. Wright and Smith, and proceeded:

"In a few months, such was the taste existing for archaeology, and so great was the desire entertained for the preservation of our ancient monuments, that hundreds were anxious to enrol themselves in our ranks and to offer their services towards carrying out our truly national objects. A Journal was immediately established to maintain communication with the correspondents and the public; but, unfortunately, from the haste with which the proceedings of the society were hurried on, and the confidence that was also of necessity reposed in one individual connected with the Association, this publication became rather a matter more calculated for individual profit than consistent with the independent character such an Association should maintain, and ultimately led to dissensions which may be said almost to have threatened the existence of the Association. These are, however, now, as far as regards the publication of the Journal of the Association, entirely overcome; and although a party of seceders, important if regarded in respect to the weight of their names, to the respectability of their positions in life, and formidable by their individual interest and perseverance, have endeavoured to wrest from us our title and our right, and have, I regret to observe, not hesitated to employ in these objects the pen of a journalist whose efforts had previously been directed to decry the Association, to attempt to cast ridicule upon its exertions, and personally to abuse its most active members: this party, I say, by whose canvassing and efforts even many of the good people of this city, its cathedral, and its college, are kept from our meeting of this day, have, I lament to say, endeavoured to thwart the fulfilment of those objects to which they had themselves previously given their sanction. The British Archaeological Association, however, with their noble president at their head, one to whom as the first to render such service in the pursuit of antiquarian knowledge we must ever feel under the deepest obligations, have laboured through good report and evil report to act up to the original intentions of the founders; and working with a patient assurance that truth will be triumphant, and that to secure such a result moderation is the right course to pursue, have proceeded in their career, and come this day to visit a city renowned for the memorable historical events with which it is associated. Happy would it have been for us could we have appeared amongst you as an undivided body. No effort has on our part been spared to effect that object; but it has not been attained, and we have therefore only to shew to you that we do not come without means, nor without material, for carrying out the excellent purposes for which we were instituted. If any one doubts our ability to effect this, I refer him to the programme of our proceedings, in which it will be seen that already no fewer than sixty-two papers, on subjects of diversified interest in antiquarian research, are announced; and I shall have also to direct your attention to the various exhibitions that will be made, and the numerous illustrations that will be afforded at the several meetings during the week. I

deeply regret to have felt the necessity of making even these few allusions to a subject of such painful interest, and of so unseemly a character; but it is due to this assembly, and it is also due to ourselves, not wholly to pass over without notice the circumstances, without entering into any detail, the particulars of which are of too recent a nature not to be fresh in the recollection of most of those present; and to claim for our body that designation to which it is most rightly entitled; and to anticipate—by the display of our resources, and the presence of those who originated the Association, who most actively laboured to bring it forth in due form, and to oppose themselves to all obstacles presented to their progress—that consummation of their wishes, harmony and concord in their counsels, undivided attention to the pursuits and objects of the institution, and an oblivion of all past dissensions; and in this, from the knowledge I possess of the character of those with whom I have the honour to be associated, I will venture safely to predict that they will 'enjoy the honour of conquest without the insolence of triumph.'"

Among many other interesting particulars relating to the progress and discoveries made within the passing hour, Mr. P. stated:

"One other great good effected during the past year has been the formation of branch associations,—one at Cheltenham, under the presidency of Mr. Gomonde; another at Leeds, under Mr. Haigh; and a third in Derbyshire, by Mr. Bateman. Many others will, I trust, be added to the list in the course of the next year. Communications from branch societies, addressed to the parent Association, will be a sure means of obtaining a faithful record of all the antiquarian proceedings throughout the country. Previously to our establishment, the great lines of railways had cut through a multitude of ancient sites, and numberless must have been the antiquarian objects brought to light. These were either scattered about or destroyed by the workmen—taken away as mere matters of curiosity, and no account of them have been preserved. This is not at all likely now to occur; for many intelligent observers, connected with our Association, are carefully watching the progress of the excavations. Within a few weeks the operations on the line of the Ramsgate and Canterbury railway have laid open an extensive early Saxon burial-ground; and by the exertions of Mr. Rolfe, a gentleman whose zeal in the pursuit of antiquities, and whose labours in aid of our Association, must be known to you all, a record of the discoveries has been made, and the remains preserved."

"Short as has been the existence of the British Archaeological Association, death has made its inroads into our ranks, and removed from our list two most highly respected names, the Rev. R. H. Barham, and the Rev. John Hodgson, of Newcastle. The former gentleman, known to the literary world by his printed effusions of learning and wit, was alike distinguished by the excellence of his heart and the gentleness of his demeanour:

'A man of letters and of manners too;
Of manners sweet as virtue always wears
When gay good nature dresses her in smiles.'
COWLEY.

One

'Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce;
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear.'—*Ibid.*

One who entered most warmly into our objects

and pursuits; joined us at the first congress, held at Canterbury; afterwards became an active member of our Central Committee—one who opposed, at the very commencement, the spirit of dissension which began to manifest itself—one who, even under the severe pressure of that disease which, alas, removed him from our society, did not hesitate to travel from Clifton to London, there to raise his voice, at the general meeting, for the protection and preservation of the Association in which he felt so great an interest, and in the establishment of which he saw so much promising good. With the Rev. John Hodgson I had no personal acquaintance. I know him only by his writings, and his communications to our secretaries. These manifest his value—these shew the spirit of inquiry by which he was distinguished, the interest he took in our pursuits, and his readiness, though at a very advanced period of life, to render us all the assistance in his power. How painful it is to reflect upon the loss of men of comprehensive and vigorous minds, of great acquirements and unwearied industry, of honest and upright character!"

In conclusion—"I fear that I have already trespassed too long upon your time; but I trust that I have, in the survey just taken, shewn to you the importance of our Association, and its use in marking the advance made in the perfection of the arts and the general diffusion of useful science, and its application to so great a variety of purposes; that as the study of antiquities is almost unlimited in its subject, and demands for perfect elucidation the aid of history, science, arts, and letters, great advantage must arise from the formation of a body where each individual can communicate with perfect freedom, and contribute his share to the stock of information for the improvement of antiquarian learning. In this career I doubt not we shall verify the observation of the poet, and prove that

'Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.'

At the evening meeting, Mr. Wright read a paper, belonging to the Historical Section, on the mode in which a town in the middle ages gained its chartered privileges, illustrated by the municipal archives of Winchester; but the illustrations of this subject brought forward so many curious examples of medieval customs and manners, that we must reserve them for a future No.

The next communication was by the Rev. Mr. S. Isaacson, on the ancient circular temple at Arborlowe, Derby, unquestionably of druidical date. With the co-operation of his judicious and enterprising friend, Mr. Bateman, the writer had succeeded in discovering the original deposit in the great barrow adjoining. Mr. I. referred to similar monuments in Jewish, Phœnician, Thracian, and other histories of the earliest ages [quoting Exodus, Joshua, Deuteronomy, Diodorus Siculus, Pausanias, Homer, Baruch, Stackhouse, &c.], and in our country to Abury and Stonehenge. In the present instance the temple is surrounded by a large rampart, measuring seven yards in height internally and five externally. The fosse which is on the inside is five yards over at the bottom. The form is rather that of a flattened sphere than quite circular, and the extreme diameter 100 yards; the enclosed diameter 60; and Mr. I. has no doubt that the number of stones originally amounted to thirty, which would harmonise with the ancient cycles. It is clear they were never placed upright, but merely laid on the bare surface of the rock at regular

intervals, though now much displaced. It was probable that the area was divided into twelve equal parts, representing the months; and thus the whole structure would constitute a calendar consisting of 360 days, into which the year was then divided. The entrances were north and south, on each side of which originally stood a large stone, and in the centre one very large mass of rock (15 ft. by 8 ft., and weighing probably five tons) called the Sacrificial Stone, from a large basin in the surface.

The contents of the adjacent cist, lately found, establish the date of this temple at least 500 years before the invasion of Cæsar. It appears to have been erected by sun-worshippers; the largest stone facing the east, and two others exhibiting indisputable evidence of having undergone the action of intense heat.

In the barrow were masses of decomposed animal matter and burnt bones; and no vestige of iron was found. It was apparently the sepulchral tumulus attached to the temple, but might have been formed before it.

The last paper was by Mr. D. H. Haigh, a young antiquary devoted to research, especially in Anglo-Saxon church-architecture, and whose stores of information, derived from patient pilgrimages to their remaining shrines, promise a rich future harvest in this branch of research. It was on some ancient monumental stones discovered on the site of the monastery of Hartlepool, Durham, in the years 1833, 1838, and 1843. It is well known that here a monastery was founded in the seventh century, destroyed by the Danes, and never afterwards rebuilt. Of this monastery some curious Saxon gravestones are the only relics. On one of them two names, those of a man and a woman, are found; on all the others single names, and those of females. These stones are all marked with crosses, generally incised, but one is in relief; and the forms of these correspond very closely with those of some at Clonmacnoise in Ireland, figured in Mr. Petrie's recent work on Round Towers—a fact which need not excite much surprise, when the intimate connexion and correspondence which existed between the Irish and North-Humbrian ecclesiastics in the seventh century is considered. From a comparison of the orthography of the names with that found in the Venerable Bede's Histories, and the form of the letters, which are very peculiar, with those in Irish mss. of the fifth and sixth centuries, it was surmised that the date of these monuments cannot be later than the close of the seventh or beginning of the eighth century.

TUESDAY.

Evening.—The president in the chair.

The Rev. T. Streetfield, the Kentish topographer, forwarded for exhibition a large quantity of Roman silver coins discovered at Silchester, accompanied by a letter expressing in warm terms the interest he took in the welfare of the Association.

Mr. Bell, of Gateshead, one of the founders of the Society of Antiquaries upon Tyne, exhibited a large quantity of drawings of Roman altars, inscriptions, and other remains lately discovered up the line of the great Roman wall.

Mr. T. F. Dukes, F.S.A., exhibited a large volume of mss. and drawings of Roman, Saxon, and Norman remains, discovered at Wroxeter and at other places in the county of Salop.

Mr. Hatcher, of Salisbury exhibited a drawing of a Roman tessellated pavement excavated under his own superintendence at West Dean, Hants.

Mr. Rolfe, of Sandwich, exhibited a large quantity of Anglo-Saxon remains recently discovered in an extensive ancient cemetery, near Ramsgate. Mr. Smith described the various articles brought to light, which consisted of swords, spears, and knives in iron, bosses of shields, fibule, and buckles, which were taken from the sides of skeletons deposited about two feet in the native chalk, over which no mound had been raised. In other graves, presumed to be the last resting-places of female Saxons, were beads, trinkets, and articles of the toilette; to an article resembling the fastening of a modern reticule were still attached portions of a woven substance.

Mr. Dennett exhibited a Saxon fibula from a barrow in the Isle of Wight, and drawings of glass vessels, and numerous objects illustrating his paper read subsequently.

Mr. J. A. Barton exhibited drawings of the old manorial house at Barton in the Isle of Wight, now the property of her Majesty.* The table was covered with other drawings and objects of antiquarian interest.

The first paper read was one on the oratory of Barton, in the Isle of Wight, recently purchased by the Queen, and in which considerable alterations are now in progress, removing much of the ancient remains and substituting modern improvements in their place.

The next paper was read by the Rev. Mr. S. Isaacson, being a general account of barrows opened in Derbyshire and Staffordshire within the present year. We have already in the *Literary Gazette* anticipated some of the leading points in this interesting communication (see Nos. 1482, 1488). In his opening remarks Mr. Isaacson dissipated a received opinion that barrows were of a military character, and all placed on eminences which commanded views, and might signalise each other. This idea he designated as mere midsummer madness, and declared that such a theory would be equally tenable in regard to the arrangement of tombstones or altar-tombs. The barrows

opened by Mr. I. and not already noticed by us were: 1. A small one on Ashford Moor, where near the surface a small iron arrow-head was found, and lower down various kinds of bones and five rude arrow-heads of flint, and on the floor the remains of a fire. 2. Another small one called Stoney Lowe, near Biggin, in the centre of which, under many large stones, was an octagonal cist, formed of thin limestone. At each end were vestiges of decayed wood, in the centre an iron dagger much corroded, to which adhered two iron arrow-heads, and the whole having been wrapped in a linen cloth. Some charcoal and a small animal bone were all the rest contained in this cist. 3. Green Lowe, a barrow upon Alsop Moor—an irregular cist—within which were the body of a large and tall man, whose knees were drawn up nearly to his chin, a very beautiful urn, a piece of spherical pyrites, a round ended flint, and a splendid dagger of the same material. Other flint instruments and a modelling tool of bone were also discovered. The latter was evidently employed in modelling the urns. We need not particularise the others, six or eight in number; skeletons, iron and brass weapons, animal bones, and the horns of deer, were collected and added to the mass of similar materials, from the comparison of which the customs, habits, and feelings of our ancient progenitors

* Upon this a paper was subsequently read, and on the following day a letter was received expressing a wish from her Majesty that any account of her new estate might be sent to her; measures to do which were immediately taken.

are, and may be much more comprehensively and truly, illustrated: for it is not from one or ten, but from hundreds of such exhumations that these can be correctly understood.

Mr. Dennett, from the Isle of Wight, read an elaborate description of the barrows opened in that island during many years. Their contents were exactly similar to what were found in Kent; and the only important inference drawn from this circumstance was, that it corroborated the statement of the Venerable Bede, that the inhabitants of that county, parts of Sussex, and the Isle of Wight were *Jutes* and their descendants.

Another paper, by Mr. Bateman, jun., was read by his indefatigable coadjutor, Mr. Isaacson, on primeval antiquities of Stanton and Hart-hill Moors, near Bakewell. They belonged to the druidical remains partly described by Mr. Hayman Rooke in 1780, to which Mr. B. now added an account of discoveries made since that date. The nine stones popularly called the Nine Ladies do not deserve the name of an early temple of the Britons, and are now hidden in a plantation of firs. The country round is studded with cairns, where bones and glass beads have been found for more than a century. A similar circle of nine stones also exists near at hand, in a site called Nine-Stone Close, four only of which are now erect. Were not these cenotaphs or cemeteries? and the mystical number of nine typical of ancient British worship? Brass celts were occasionally found in the vicinity, and also cups, &c., far more elegant than it was imagined belonged to the period. The Grand Tor, Robin Hood's Stride, and other remains, were mentioned; and it was stated, that so lately as last June an inverted urn, over a deposit of burnt bones, was found at the foot of the latter monument. Under this rude urn a cutting led into a barrow in which the fragments of two most elaborately wrought urns were deposited, which had since been restored [the form exhibited]. Two other cups, of beautiful workmanship, were now obtained, of novel shapes, and far superior in art and style of ornament to any hitherto brought to light. These were supposed to be incense-vessels for druidical festivals. Another large cist was next dug into, close by. It was filled with fine sand and calcined human bones, and small pieces of an urn; the whole having been originally laid on a bed of heather—a singular and hitherto unheard-of circumstance. These cists might be esteemed cromlechs in miniature, being above 3 ft. in height, 4 ft. 6 in. square in the interior, and the covering stone at least 7 ft. square by 2 ft. thick, and presenting a very striking appearance. Other cists, barrows, and mounds, in the neighbourhood (opened subsequently during the month of June), produced numerous portions of Roman urns and a third brass coin of Tetricius, in good preservation. Stone celts, querns, rollers, whetstones, and pottery of various kinds, have also been added to Mr. Bateman's collection of antiquities from this interesting locality. Castle Ring, an encampment, the explorers hold to be decidedly British, and nothing of Roman connected with it; nor do they consider the notion that it may be Danish entitled to much weight.

Mr. Wright made some observations on a remark in Mr. Isaacson's paper on the Derbyshire barrows relating to the use of the word *low*. This he stated to be an Anglo-Saxon word (in pure Saxon *hlæw*), signifying a mound, but most generally applied to one of a sepulchral character, chiefly, if not entirely, to barrows of an age anterior to Saxon times. The

Bartlow hills, and others, have been found to be Roman. The Saxons knew perfectly well the nature of these lows, and often opened them to obtain the treasures deposited in them. Mr. W. remarked that the rich discoveries in the lows of Derbyshire and in the barrows of the Isle of Wight, detailed this evening by Messrs. Isaacson and Dennett, must be tantalising to us after our adventurous researches of the day, but our barrows appeared to have been emptied by some of these searchers of former days. Some might ridicule these pursuits, but he could prove to the ladies and gentlemen present that barrow-digging had once been a romantic and heroic occupation. The only Anglo-Saxon romance which remains in any degree of completeness is that of *Beowulf*, which appears to have been composed in its original form before the Saxons came to this island—perhaps as early as the fourth century. The last adventure of its hero was robbing a barrow! This barrow, or low,—as the Saxons supposed to be the case with most of these primeval monuments,—contained the treasures buried with the giants of ancient days, guarded by a fierce and watchful dragon. Once the monster neglected its duties, and fell asleep, and a peasant stole a vessel from among its treasures. The dragon, in revenge, devastated the country around, until *Beowulf* came to attack it. He succeeded in killing his dreaded enemy, and carried off the treasures which had been placed under its guard, but he received a mortal wound in the encounter. After his death his followers burnt his body, and deposited his ashes in a large barrow on a hill which overlooked the sea. The poem called the hero's grave a *hlæw*; but this did not militate against the interpretation of the word as signifying generally barrows anterior to Saxon times, because *Beowulf* was looked upon as having lived in very ancient days. The application of the word *barrow*, also of Saxon origin, is of a more modern date, and includes all kinds of sepulchral tumuli. The Saxons seem to have frequently opened the ancient barrows, and they of course found the different utensils in a better state of preservation than we find them. It is curious that most of the Anglo-Saxon Benedictionals contain forms of blessing these vessels, which had been buried by the pagans, before they could be used by Christians; for it was believed that if any one made use of them without this precaution, he would immediately fall under the power of the evil one. Mr. Wright cited instances of opening barrows in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, which explains why the deposits are so often found to have been disturbed, although there is now no external appearance of it.

In answer to an observation of Mr. Haigh, that there were some hills designated by the name of *lows*, which were much too large to be by any possibility sepulchral mounds, Mr. Wright described an instance of a similar hill, concerning which he had discovered an early document which shewed that a barrow had once existed on the summit of it, like the large mound at the top of St. Catherine's hill opened this morning. The real low had disappeared, but the name still remained attached to the hill on which it had stood.

Observations on Roman roads in Hampshire traced these ancient lines from Winchester through the territory occupied by the Belgæ, held to be German, as well as the Atrebatæ and Remi, or Regiri, and the Segontiaci, thought to be Celtic, all whose principal towns probably became Roman stations, belonging to the province *Britannia Prima*. There were roads

not mentioned in the itineraries. *Ex. gr.* :—*Venta Belgarum* was Winchester, a stipendiary town, not *veigales*, i. e. paying imposts in money, not like the latter, in produce, and in the form of its fortifications a parallelogram with rounded corners; the walls composed of flints embedded in strong mortar. From this diverged the military ways, connecting this place with the stations of—1. Old Sarum, *Serbiadunum*; 2. Bath, *Aqua Solis*; 3. Cirencester, *Corinium* or *Corinum*; 4. Silchester, *Calleva*; 5. Porchester, *Portus Magnus*; and 6. Bittern, *Claudentum*. The first station was deemed to be at Brige, eleven miles off, and over by the Devil's Causeway, twenty-one measured miles, to the east gate of Old Sarum. To the station of Cunctio, and thence to Bath, by the Andover road, six miles, and Harewood forest—[But we think the details and measurements of all these roads may be postponed till the publication of the Journal of the Association.]

An account of the sale of manors and church-lands belonging to the see of Winton during the time of the civil war in the reign of King Charles I., communicated by Mr. J. H. Burn. Among these:—

The manor of Waltham, in Hants, was sold to Robert Reynolds, Esq., for	£7999 14 10½
The manor of Droxford, same county, to Francis Allen, Esq.	7675 13 7
The park in Southwark, to George Thomson	1191 3 4
A brewhouse, the Bear-garden, &c., at the Bankside, sold to Sarah Palmer	1783 15 0

Other manors in Hants, Berks, Oxfordshire, Somersetshire (about Taunton, including the borough), from a little above 50*l.* to eight or ten thousand pounds, and shewing the vast extent of the possessions and revenues of this see.

The manor of Alresford, to Thomas Hussey	£2883 9 1½
Longwood Warren	351 3 4
Fareham borough and farm	909 14 8
Wiltshire Warren	226 9 0
Manor of Bentley	1185 4 5½
Manor and castle of Farnham, to John Farwell and James Gold	8145 8 0
Manor of Beauworth, Hants	748 6 6½
Manor, town, and borough of Witney	4916 18 11½
Manor of Southwark and Winchester House	4380 8 3

Mr. F. W. Lock read a paper on the hermitage at Carcliff, which was picturesquely and poetically described.

Lord Albert Conyngham produced and read a hitherto unpublished letter from James Stewart, the *custos* of James VI., when a young boy in Scotland, addressed to Queen Elizabeth. It was of the date, Dec. 1, 1567 (when Queen Mary was a prisoner in England), and almost servilely courted the favour of Elizabeth to enable the writer to sustain the office of regent with effect, and protect his charge from hostile interests.

On Monday an ordinary at the George inn, at six o'clock, congregated together a dinner-party of above sixty ladies and gentlemen; and on Tuesday a similar meeting took place at the White Hart; and so, on alternate days, at these spacious and comfortable taverns, ample and well-served entertainments were provided. Every day new members were added to the meeting; and on Wednesday evening the names of about 100 were subscribed on the books. These and many influential persons in and about Winchester, together with officers from the barracks, were invited to a *soirée* given by the President at the County Hall,

* Here in June 1833, in a pasture land attached to the homestead, was found a leaden box, containing several thousand pennies of William the Conqueror.

which was hung round with rubbings of ancient brasses, drawings of remarkable remains, &c., and the tables covered with a multitude of British, Roman, and Saxon antiquities, singular specimens of medieval art, both useful and ornamental, and other objects of interest to the antiquary. This was understood to be a merely recreative "re-union," and little of what might be called the business of the congress was done. Mr. Roach Smith, however, delivered some interesting observations on Roman tessellated pavements in Hampshire, of which fine paintings were exhibited; Sir W. Betham read a letter to Queen Elizabeth relating to the custody of several noble prisoners; and Mr. Martin Tupper, the author of the original work, *The Crook of Gold*, &c., at the request of Lord Albert Conyngham, read the annexed apposite poem, which he had composed on the preceding day whilst the archaeologists were engaged in barrow-digging:—

THE COMPLAINT OF AN ANCIENT BRITON,
Heard yesterday on the Hills, by a recreant Archaeologist.
[August 6, 1845.]

Two thousand years ago
They heaped my battle-grave,
And each a tear, and each a stone,
My mourning warriors gave;
For I had borne me well,
And fought as patriots fight,
Till, like a British chief, I fell
Contending for the right.
Seamed with many a wound,
All weakly did I lie;
My foes were dead or dying round—
And thus I joyed to die!
For their marauding crew
Came treacherously to kill—
The many came against the few,
To storm our sacred hill.
We battled, and we bled,
We won, and paid the price,
For I, the chief, was among the dead—
A willing sacrifice!
My liegemen wailed me long,
And treasured up my bones,
And reared my kist secure and strong
With tributary stones.
High on the breezy down,
My native hill's own breast,
Nigh to the din of mine ancient town,
They left me to my rest.
I hoped for peace and calm
Until my judgment hour,
And then to awake for the victor's palm,
And patriot's throne of power.
And lo, till this dark day
Did men my grave revere:
Two thousand years had passed away,
And still I slumbered here!
But now, there broke a noise
Upon my silent home—
'Twas not the Resurrection Voice
That burst my turfy tomb;
But men of prying mind—
Alas, my fellow-men!
Ravage my grave, my bones to find,
With sacrilegious ken.
Mine honour doth abjure
Your new barbarian race;
Restore, restore my bones secure
To some more secret place!
With mattock and with spade
Ye dare to break my rest;
The pious mound is all unmade
My clan had counted blest:
Take, take my buckler's boss,
My sword, and spear, and chain—
Steal all ye can of this world's dross,
But—rest my bones again.
I know your modern boast
Is light, and learning's spread,—
Learn of a Celt to shew them most
In honour to the dead!

We may notice that this day spent on the downs, within a mile of Winchester, was one of the most auspicious that can be imagined. The magnificent landscape on every side lay in the clearest sunshine, shewing Southampton plainly in the distance, and the Isle of Wight beyond. The groups of workmen employed in the excavations and the spectators cast into every picturesque variety on the splendid walls

of ancient British and Roman camps (not to mention positions on which similar indications of the civil wars are distinctly seen) had a most imposing effect; and whilst, to pass the time as lunch was being brought up, Mr. Saull delivered a short discourse on the progress of the ancient Britons from the savage to the civilised state, the auditors reclined on the velvet grass; it was a scene which more than one artist present took a pleasure in sketching. The barrows, we may say, were not very productive; but as the exploration of the most promising were subsequently continued, we shall reserve the account of their revelations till the end of the meeting.

On Thursday excursions to Bittern, Southampton, Netley Abbey, and other places famed for antiquities, were arranged; but of these and the subsequent proceedings in future *Gazettes*.

FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN INTELLIGENCE.

THE stained-glass windows of Chartres, the finest in France of their date—13th and 14th centuries—are now cleaning and repairing under the direction of M. Thévenot, of Clermont-Ferrand, the eminent glass-painter. His operations are, however, controlled by a government commission.—M. Arnaud has just published a good antiquarian account of the department of the Aube and the former diocese of Troyes, illustrated with numerous lithographic plates. The Prefect of the Marne is going to have a similar work executed for his own department. At Provins, in the church of St. Quiriac, is preserved the chasuble of Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in France A.D. 1242. It is of greenish silk, with ornaments of the same colour, and appears to have been made early in the 13th century. This prelate was canonised; and on the festival of this saint the Bishop of Meaux officiates in this identical chasuble, which is held in great veneration by the people. A similar chasuble—said to have belonged to St. Regnbert, one of the earliest bishops of Bayeux—is preserved in that cathedral. It is also of silk; and a stole and maniple kept with it are richly ornamented with gold and pearls.—The Archbishop of Bordeaux either has introduced into his diocese, or is going to do so, the old practice of using blue vestments for the clergy on certain occasions.—It has resulted from numerous researches made lately in France, not connected with each other, that the remains of stone screens (jubés), which were destroyed either by the Protestants or by the Revolutionists, have been found buried under the pavements of their churches, just where they had been taken down. Statues of saints, known to have been violently removed from their proper positions, have also been discovered in similar positions. These circumstances may serve as hints to church-restorers in England; and may perhaps guide them in their researches. The Minister of Justice and Public Worship has ordered the recommendations of the Comité Historique to be properly attended to in the restoration of the Cathedral of Puy, which is now in progress.—M. Melleville of Laon is now preparing for the press an important work on the antiquities of that district, entitled, *Archives Historiques du Département de l'Aisne*; it will contain historical and documentary notices, as well as illustrations, of all the principal remains of the department, and will form several volumes.—It has been lately observed to the Comité Historique, that many fragments of stone screens (once common in French churches) and of statues, removed for one cause or another, have been found buried near the spots where they formerly stood. It appears to have been

a rule of former days not to destroy altogether, or to return to profane use, any thing that had once decorated a sacred building, but rather to put it out of sight. In consequence of this, the correspondents of the Comité are requested to turn their attention to this point, which may guide them in looking for objects of this nature now missing. Query: would this hint be of any use to church-restorers in England?—The Archbishop of Bordeaux has purchased the ruins of the Abbey of St. Sauve, in his diocese, formerly one of the finest monasteries in France. It was destroyed only as late as 1820; and his Grace is converting it into a house of education, repairing and restoring, as well as he can, what remains of its former magnificence. The tower of the church, and the body of that edifice, still exist.—Near Meudon, on the side of a hill, has been uncovered an ancient dolmen, consisting of three large druidical stones, accompanied by two flint axes, a great number of human bones, and some wild-boar tusks. The stones appear to have been in the same position as those of Kils Coty House, viz. in the shape of the Greek Π. Parisian writers speculate on this monument having been sacrificial, and these the remains of the victims and instruments of slaughter. Further excavations are recommended.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WAYWARD ONE.

So modest her advances,
Such softness in her lip and eye,
You'd think such angel glances
Were borrow'd from the saints on high!
'Tis sweeter thus believing
Than doubting—though they say that she,
Deliciously deceiving,
Can never long with Love agree!
At morn you'd fancy really
That maiden's heart is mine indeed;
And speak of wedlock cheerly—
But lesser haste the better speed!
You buy the ring quite boldly,
As Hymen's gift—a marriage toy;
She—turns aside quite coldly,
And curtsies you a brief "Good-bye!"
May wrinkles seize the beauty,
The sweet, bewitching, sparkling jade,
Who first makes love a duty—
Then laughs away the vows she made!
Oh, make her less a charmer,
Dear Nature, let her less excel;
Or make her bosom warmer
To one who loves her but too well!

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

Drama.—Two new pieces have been produced this week, the one on Monday at the Adelphi, *Dramatic Cookery, or how to dish up a Farce*; the other on Thursday at the Lyceum, *the Governor's Wife*. The former was a poor hash; the latter a good farce well dished up, or, as styled in the bills, a comedy in two acts, and capitally played. Keeley, as *Hickory Short*, the sham governor, and Mrs. Keeley, as *Letty Briggs*, mistaken for the wife, kept up a continued laugh. Collier's *Neb*, too, a nigger, was good. Letty sang the "Boatman's Song," and danced to Neb's banjo with great spirit. Her concluding remark, on discovering Hickory not to be the governor, "that he was her real governor, and that she would stick to him as long as he was Short," was readily applied and applauded. Messrs. Diddeer, F. Matthews, F. Vining, and Miss Dawson did full justice to their parts, and added completeness to the whole.

Subaqueous Tunneling.—An apparently easy and comparatively inexpensive mode of subaqueous tunneling was suggested at Cambridge by Mr. Brown of Makerstroom; and a communication on the subject would have been made to the British Association had the Me-

chanical Section been in full operation. The plan, we believe, presented itself to Mr. Brown after hearing of the proposal to suspend a "tunnel" for railway passage of the Menai Straits. It is almost the same construction placed under water instead of suspended in air; a cylinder composed of iron plates riveted as for steam-boilers. Mr. Brown proposes dredging the bottom of the river or channel to form a bed for the iron tunnel, and numerous mechanical aids to the practicability of the operations, into the particulars of which, however, we cannot at present enter.

Frescoes.—Mr. Dyce, it is reported, is to have one of the rooms in the new parliament-house entirely to himself, to ornament with fresco-paintings; and Messrs. Severn, Fennell, and Herbert, to have other apartments. Mr. Mac-lise is stated to have declined a commission.

Roman Remains in Lincoln.—In High Street several Roman remains have been discovered; and amongst the rest some bases of pillars, and two beautiful coins of the Emperor Antoninus Pius and Domitian. On Wednesday afternoon the workmen discovered some huge worked stones at about four yards from the present surface; these have evidently been plinths to pillars supporting a Roman building; on one is an inscription, which, as well as it could be traced, consists of the following letters:—**VRC. HVRPO MERCVRVS. IVM.** Most probably this is incomplete, as in all likelihood it was continued along the fellow-plinth. All the earth above the level at which the stones were discovered is made ground.—*Stanford Mercury.*

Mr. W. Laidlaw, the faithful steward of Sir Walter Scott, aged about sixty-six, died on the 18th of May, in Ross-shire. He was the friend from youth of the Ettrick Shepherd, and himself a pastoral poet of no mean powers, as is evinced by his ballad of Lucy's Flitting, and other pieces in Hogg's *Forest Minstrel*. He was the occasional amanuensis of Scott; and altogether an ornament to his own or to any other station where intelligence and integrity are of value.

Libels in Newspapers.—The proprietors of the *Warder* and *Statesman* newspapers have gratefully, but respectfully and firmly, declined the proposed subscription for liquidating their heavy expenses in the cruel libel-case noticed last week.

Quebec.—The calamity of a second dreadful fire has visited this ill-starred town, within a few weeks of its first visitation, desolating what was previously saved. We rejoice to find sympathy thoroughly awakened to these misfortunes, and that, independently of the vote of the House of Commons (20,000*l.*), a liberal subscription is on foot throughout the principal commercial places in Great Britain.

Baron Bosio, member of the French Institute, &c., the celebrated sculptor, was found dead in his bed on the morning of Tuesday week. He was in perfectly good health on the preceding evening.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Vindication of the Covenanters, in a Review of the "Tales of My Landlord," by the late T. M'Crie, D.D., 4th edit., 18mo, 3s.—**Mrs. Jameson's Hand-Book for the Public Galleries,** new edit., 12mo, 10s.—**Jardine's Naturalist's Library, People's Ed.,** Vol. I., fcp., 4s. 6d.—**Undine,** a new Translation, fcp., 2s.—**Book of Nursery Tales, Third Series,** fcp., 6s.—**Rose's New Biographical Dictionary,** Vol. VII., 8vo, 18s.—**Lindah, or the Festival,** a Metrical Romance, 8vo, 5s.—**The Bee-keeper's Manual,** by D. Chyliniski, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—**Archbold's Law of Nisi Prius,** Vol. I., 2d edit., 12mo, 2s.—**The Pharmaceutical Latin Grammar,** by A. J. Cooley, 12mo, 5s.—**Florographia Britannica,** Vol. II., 8vo, 30s., plain; 2*l.* 17s. 6d., coloured.—**Characteristic**

Traits and Domestic Life of Frederick William III., King of Prussia, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—**New French Grammar, with Exercises,** by F. A. Wolski, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—**Dictionary of the Scottish Language,** by Captain Brown, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—**Poster-Bruder,** a Novel, edited by Leigh Hunt, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—**Englishman's Library, Vol. XXX:** History of the Ancient Church in Ireland, by W. G. Todd, fcp., 4s. 6d.—**Seaside Pleasures,** by E. A. Allom, fcp., 8vo, 3s. 6d.—**Memoir of the late Rev. John Reid, by R. Wardlaw, D.D.,** fcp., 6s. 6d.—**The Bible Student's Concordance,** Hebrew and English, by A. Pick, royal 8vo, 35s.—**Poems, Sauro and Classical,** by the Rev. W. J. Urquhart, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—**The Railway Acts, with Notes,** by R. P. Collier, 12mo, 12s.—**Wordsworth's Law of Registration of Voters,** 3d edit., 8vo, 6s.—**Memoir of George Heriot, by W. Steven, D.D.,** fcp., 7s. 6d.—**Four Lectures on the Organisation of Industry,** by T. C. Banfield, 8vo, 4s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 26	From 55 to 58	29.52 to 29.57
Friday . . . 27	" 57 to 59	29.53 to 29.51
Saturday . . . 28	" 67 to 63	29.47 to 29.45
Sunday . . . 29	" 46 to 52	29.60 to 29.64
Monday . . . 30	" 53 to 69	29.59 to 29.56

July.
 Tuesday . . . 1 " 55 to 65 29.41 to 29.34
 Wednesday . . . 2 " 52 to 65 29.52 to 29.56
 Wind on the 26th, N.W.; 27th and 28th, S.W.; 29th, W. and S.W.; 30th, and two following days, S.W.—26th, morning cloudy, otherwise generally clear; 27th, raining generally throughout the day; 28th, showery till the evening, evening clear; 29th, generally clear; 30th, misting rain in the morning, otherwise generally clear; July 1st, raining during the morning, afternoon evening generally clear, high wind during the day; 2d, generally cloudy, a little rain in the afternoon.—Rain fallen, 445 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Last Night but Three of the Subscription.
 This Evening, SATURDAY, August 9, will be performed Bellini's opera of "La Sonnambula," Anna, Madame Adelaide Castellan; Terese, Made. Bellini; and Lisa, Made. A. Rosetti; Count Rodolfo, Sig. F. Lablache; Alensio, Sig. A. Giublet; and Elvino, Sig. Mario. Between the acts of the opera a Divertissement, in which Madlle. Grabin will appear.
 To conclude with the admired ballet, entitled "Alma; ou, La Fille du Feu," Alma, Madlle. Cerito; Periphatie, M. Perrot; and Emazor, M. St. Leon.
 Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Madlle. CERITO respectfully informs the nobility, subscribers to the Opera, and the public, that her BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY next, August 14 (being the last night but two of the season), when will be presented Mozart's chef d'œuvre, "Don Giovanni." Donna Anna, Made. Grabin; Donna Elvira, Madlle. Rosetti; Zerlina, Made. Adelaide Castellan; Don Giovanni, Sig. Formanini; Don Ottavio, Sig. Mario; Il Contrabasso, Sig. Botelli; Masetto, Sig. F. Lablache; and Leporello, Sig. Lablache.
 To be followed by a Divertissement in the Ballet Department, comprising a selection from the ballet of "Alma," with the celebrated Pas de Factions. A selection from the ballet of "Ondine," including the Tarantula, by the Corps de Ballet; and the celebrated Pas de l'ombre by Madlle. Cerito.
 In the course of the evening, La Castellana by Madlle. Lucile Grabin and M. Perrot.
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